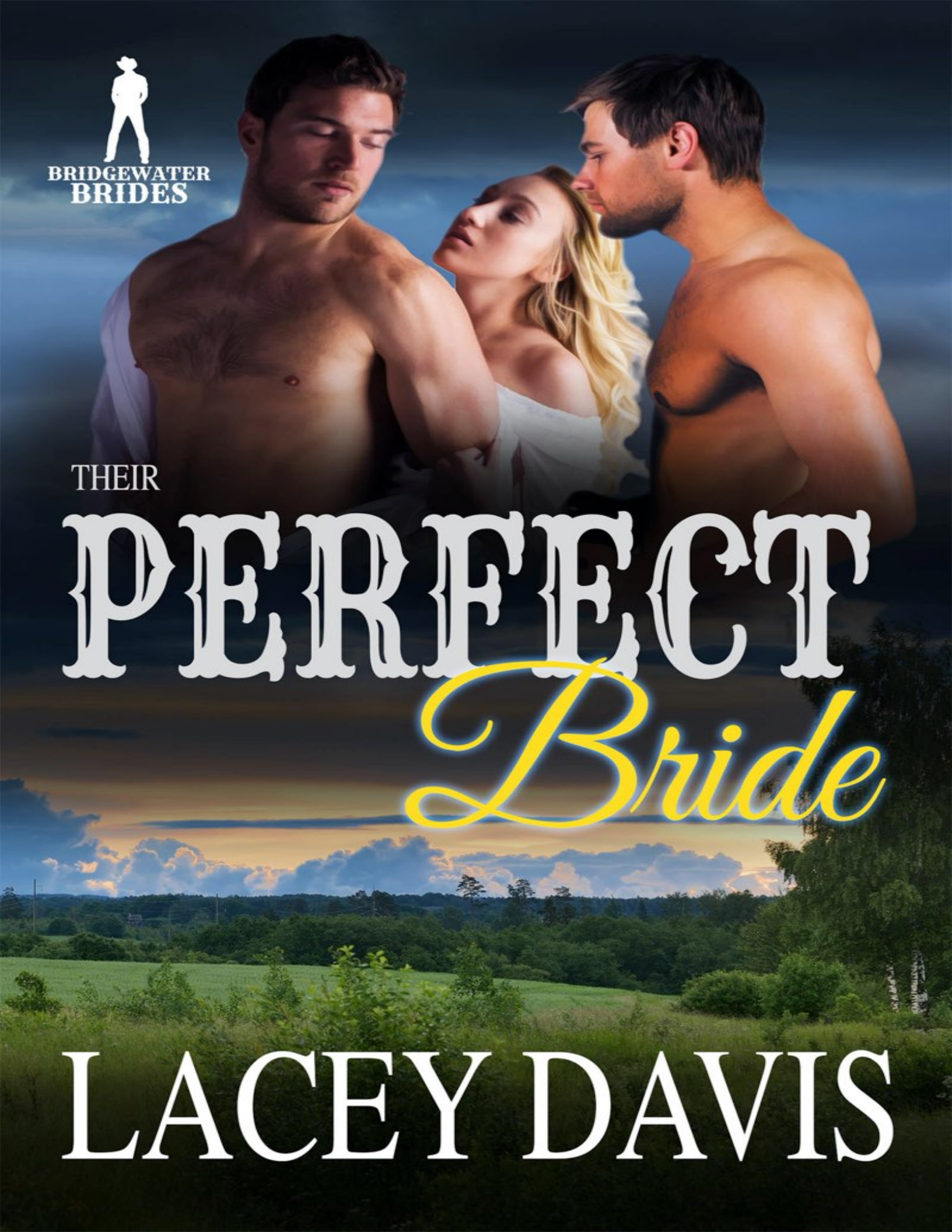
BRIDGEWATER
BRIDES
THEIR
PERFECT
Bride
LACEY DAVIS

THEIR PERFECT BRIDE

A BRIDGEWATER BRIDES NOVEL

LACEY DAVIS

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Welcome to Bridgewater, where one cowboy is never enough! *Their Perfect Bride* is published as part of the Bridgewater Brides World, which includes books by numerous authors inspired by Vanessa Vale's *USA Today* bestselling series. This is a steamy standalone read. Enjoy!

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1

ALEX

“BACK AT THE MARKET, that beautiful brunette behind the counter was flirting with you," he said, grinning at Jesse. The man swayed side to side with the motion of his chestnut mare.

After making a supply run to Butte, Montana, the two men were headed home to Bridgewater. The green hills and rising mountains gave Alex a feeling of homecoming. Of belonging. A place where he wanted to raise a family.

With Jesse by his side, a woman would complete their plans of home and family.

"Don't matter, she's not the right woman for us. Besides are you certain this is the year we should bring a woman home? By next spring, we'll know if the cattle we brought in will make our herd strong. It might be better to wait."

With the cattle they had driven from Texas, their ranch would hopefully be successful. After being gone for three months, they both were eager to

spend time on their little piece of heaven.

A woman would make everything perfect.

Alex was ready to settle down, to find a woman to fill his bed at night and warm his heart in the morning. Yes, he wanted a wife. A beautiful woman on the outside and the inside to build a life with his friend Jesse.

The house was built. The new cattle should make their herd stout. And he had an itch for not just any woman. A special lady they would cherish.

Always the logical thinker, Jesse made very few quick decisions and that made them a great pair. But Alex wanted a wife now. Since the fight in Bozeman that left a scar down his cheek, they had not had a woman, and he was feeling the pressure. Only this time, he didn’t want an easy woman, but rather someone they would protect with their life.

“Everyone in Bridgewater has someone, except us. Winter will be arriving soon and the thought of curling up beside our own woman, well, it makes me want to find someone and marry her."

For years, they had talked about finding the right woman who would fit their lifestyle. Seeing their friends at Bridgewater with their women left a hole in Alex’s heart. The longing glances, the slight touches, the moans overheard in the night. That was what he wanted. A woman willing to give herself and love both of them.

"And if we find the wrong woman to ease your itch, then we'll be miserable. No, we need to wait until we find the perfect bride for us. Someone who will accept and enjoy the Bridgewater way of life. Someone who will accept the way we live and love us."

"True."

Whoever this mystery woman was, she had to consent to them both and some women couldn't adjust to having two men love her. Whoever they married, they would treat her like a queen, but would expect her to trust them.

“You’re itching to get your cock wet. It’s been too long, that’s all. We should return to Butte and visit the whorehouse.”

The girls at Miss Rose’s knew how to fuck. The lovely ladies accommodated a man's every desire, but he was ready for more. A willing woman that when he told her to bend over, she couldn't wait to answer both their demands, but someone who would love them and they would honor and protect her.

At this time, he wanted more than just a tumble between the sheets, he wanted to experience a real family life. To honor and pledge his loyalty to their wife and only her.

Not like the family he grew up with. Something new and fresh.

A sigh escaped him at the memory of his ungrateful bastard father.

"You've given this a lot of thought."

"I've even been looking through that mail order bride catalog. Time to settle down. All we need is the right woman."

Jesse glanced to the horizon, his eyes narrowing. "I agree. But when the time is right, she'll come along. A woman would complete our life.”

Knowing not to press Jesse, Alex rode on for several minutes, enjoying the rugged splendor of the Montana mountains. Maybe after getting home and settling in, he’d approach the subject again.

Two voices raised in anger came from a distance.

"Did you hear that?” Alex thought he heard two people arguing. Long ago, he had learned Jesse's hearing was more finely attuned than his.

"What?" Jesse turned his head.

Suddenly a scream echoed nearby. A female’s scream. They shared a quick look filled with concern.

"Someone's in trouble," he said. What the fuck was a female doing out here? Almost in perfect unison, they charged, leaving the road and galloping toward the crying.

When they reached the top of a small knoll, Alex saw a woman and man struggling below them. His hand was on the bodice of her dress as he tried to tug it down. To him, it looked as if the man was forcing himself upon her.

Obviously, his advances were not wanted as the woman kicked and clawed trying to get away. Alone, he would succeed. But not with the two of them here. The fucker would learn to fight someone his own size.

They raced toward the fighting couple. Leaning to the side of his saddle as he reached the bastard, Jesse jumped off his horse and landed on the back of the man, who had pulled back his fist. Another second and the asshole would have hurt the beautiful blonde.

Alex felt his fists tighten and longed to show the man justice.

Twirling the man around, Jesse pounded him in the face, sending the miscreant staggering back. He was a few inches smaller, many pounds lighter. Still, it was a fair fight and he would know what it was like when the fight was more evenly matched. He would lose against Jesse.

Then I'd have my turn to pound his face.

"You don't ever hit a woman," Jesse said on a snarl and rammed his fist into the man's face again. The sound of the man's nose breaking made Alex grin.

All the memories of Sarah came rushing back and he had to fight the bottled-up rage. Instead he turned his attention on the woman.

"Are you all right?" Alex asked her, climbing down from his mare. Holy fuck, it seemed that Jesse might've been right. The true woman happened to just come along, and she needed their help. A sense of rightful peace slammed into Alex as he approached the woman.

A gorgeous blonde stood to the side trembling, watching the men fight. The blue of her muslin dress accentuated her sapphire eyes, and the fit hugged her full figure and trim waist. Long pale curls hung down her back and the image of her hair draping around his cock making a curtain as she sucked him had his heart pounding in his chest.

Her full breasts were just the right size to fit in a man’s hands and her wide hips were perfect for riding his cock. When her blue eyes turned and gazed at Alex, he thought of how they would look filled with passion as he made her his.

Like he was approaching a frightened filly, Alex moved slowly. Who knew what the fucker had done to her before they intervened? The woman clutched the front of her dress, crying.

She shook her head and sobbed. The urge to wrap his arms around her and protect her almost overwhelmed him, but he feared she would bolt down the hill.

"He's trying to ruin me, so I'll marry him,” she said with a little sob. “I’ll never marry him.”

Her whole body shook. Tears streamed down her face. Unable to resist, Alex reached out and wiped the tears from her cheeks, her skin soft as silk. The sweet perfume of lilacs floated over him, and he had to curb the urge to comfort her further for fear of scaring her. He and Jesse were big men, her size diminutive with her standing before him.

She should feel safe with them, nothing more. He would see to it that she understood they would defend her.

"Shh, you're safe," he said. "Do you know this man?"

She took gulps of air to calm herself. Nodding, her loose curls bobbed. "Yes, he's my stepbrother."

Stepbrother? Who the fuck tried to rape kin? This asshole was the lowest of the low. He deserved every one of Jesse’s hard strikes and then some.

The man reached for his gun, and Jesse yanked the Colt 45 from his hand and shoved him, sending him sprawling to the ground. He loomed over the asshole in the dirt, breathing hard, blood streaming from his nose.

"She's my fiancée,” he said, gazing up at Jesse who Alex could see was struggling to regain control of his emotions. The fucker on the ground had

evil intent in his gaze. Alex was sure it was from their intervention.

No man ever got away with hurting a woman around Jesse. Or him. But right now, all Alex could think about was the woman standing before him. As he watched her shake her head vigorously in denial, he imagined how she would sound crying out his name in pleasure.

"Is this true?" Alex asked, speaking in a soft voice like he would to a skittish mare. He had to make certain the man's claims were not factual.

The woman trembled and vehemently shook her head. "No. That's what he wants, but it will never happen."

Her shoulders snapped back after almost being defeated as she glared at the man on the ground. The woman had a feisty nature when she wasn't beaten down. One that would be fun to awaken to desire. One that should be filled with lust and sexual hunger.

"Shut up, Mattie," the man screamed at her, his lip curling in a snarl. "You'll pay for this betrayal."

"What part of no do you not understand? We'll never be married."

Could the universe have delivered them a beautiful woman in need of rescuing? An ache built in Alex's chest, his heart warming at the thought of taking her home. Of cherishing her and making her theirs. Of slowly removing the fair-haired beauty's clothes one piece at a time.

Would she agree to being dominated by two strong men?

She would be the queen of their home and they would make certain she was the center of their universe with one of them on either side of her.

A life as their wife would give her a lifetime of love. Of showing her how a man treated a woman with respect and dignity and love. But would Jesse agree they had found their woman?

"What are you doing out in the woods with him?"

Alex took in the fact they were miles from town. Why would she accompany him to such a place if she disliked him so much?

Needing as much information as possible before he made any rash decisions, he waited for her answer. Alex gazed at the beautiful woman and knew his heart and his cock had chosen. Mattie was the one.

"My mother is ill and I walked to town to pick up her medication. Frank caught me on the way back." She gave a little sob. "As long as I am never alone with him, I'm safe. I must return home for my mother will be worried. Thank you for rescuing me."

With despair, Alex watched the rage explode in Jesse's eyes and knew he needed to get him out of here before Frank needed a mortician. There was a difference between beating the shit out of a would-be rapist and killing him. Although, the idea held merit and buzzards would find the body quickly enough to leave no evidence.

"How much farther is your home?" he asked, not wanting her to leave just yet.

She pointed. "Not far, down the hill."

"How about we take you home and leave him here all tied up."

It was not a permanent solution, but for now, it would have to do. The two of them needed a wife, and she needed to escape. Looking at her, his heart pounded, blood rushing to his dick at the thought of just how he wanted to rescue Mattie.

"Jesse," he called. His friend stood staring at the man on the ground and Alex realized any little thing would've had Jesse continuing his beating. They both had sisters, and no one treated a woman this way and got away with it.

"Jesse," he said louder, "tie him up. Let's take this young woman home."

"Thank you," she said and reached out and touched Alex on the arm. A slither of heat snaked along his spine. Oh, how he wanted to feel her hand gliding along his cock.

Now to convince Jesse that this spirited spitfire who fought her attacker was the woman that would satisfy them both.

A hugger, Alex instinctively, pulled her into his arms and gave her a hug. The feel of her breasts crushed against his chest felt like she belonged there. Like she fit perfectly in his embrace.

"Let me help you onto Jesse's horse. You'll ride with him, and we'll make certain you get home safely," he promised her. Safe until they could convince her that in their arms not only would they guarantee her protection, but a life of happiness.

With a devious grin, Alex knew his friend would be unable to resist the way she felt snuggled up against him. The scent of her, her long blonde curls and pleading sapphire eyes. Sometimes you just knew when you'd found the perfect woman and Alex was convinced that Mattie was the one for them.

The biggest question was if she would accept them both. As her men, they would make certain her stepbrother never touched her again.

Could it be they just found their woman?

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2

MATTIE

MATTIE BYRNE STARED at the two big strong men who had rescued her from Frank. She didn't even know their names. Immediately she'd been drawn to the tall dark-haired man with a scar running down his cheek, who comforted her while the other giant convinced Frank that attacking a woman was vile.

In the previous weeks, her stepbrother had grown more and more bold with his not-so-subtle moves. She feared that once her mother was gone, she would be expected to marry Frank. Her stepfather would force her to marry his crazy son to gain control of her trust.

Not if she still breathed.

After he finished tying up Frank, the man named Jesse walked toward her, and her breathing all but stopped. With his black hair and dark eyes, she felt drawn to him, like he was her protector and nothing could harm her. Through his shirt, she could see his muscles flex and wanted to run her hands across his chest.

“Miss, are you all right,” he asked. “If not, I’ll kill him right now.”

While the thought of Frank dead would be a relief, that was not what she wanted. “Thank you,” she said breathless. “I’m fine. You arrived before anything happened. I’m Mattie Byrne.”

“Jesse Kelton,” he said, his face stern, not friendly like the other man. A sexual prowess seemed to emanate from him, and warmth flooded her all the way to her center. Never before had she experienced such an instant attraction.

“Alex Craghead,” the other man said, stepping up beside her. She had the most incredible urge to run her finger down the scar on his cheek.

The men exchanged a glance. “I have a shirt if you’d like to wear it over your torn dress.”

With a start, she had forgotten all about the ripped bodice. Glancing down, she could see her camisole was all that covered her breasts, her hardened nipples. When she looked up, neither of the men’s eyes were gazing at her chest like she feared.

Jesse reached into his saddle bags and pulled out a long-sleeve shirt and handed it to her. She slipped her arms into the soft cotton, the smell of the man overwhelming her. The heavy feel of his shirt was almost like he had wrapped his arms around her.

“We’ll get you safely home,” Jesse said.

“Thank you,” she whispered, though, she wished she lived farther away to be near him longer. Jesse helped her into his saddle and then he climbed up behind her. When his arms surrounded her, the protective feeling overcame her. The man acted like a perfect gentleman, though she couldn’t help but wish for more. What she desired, she had no idea, but just the thought of his body being so close had her gasping for breath.

On his horse, with his chest against her back, she felt like nothing could harm her.

“Has your stepbrother been bothering you?”

“Since my mother’s illness, he’s grown bolder. I avoid him as much as possible.”

His clean breath tickled her ear as he leaned in close to talk to her. Though she knew he was trying to shield her, she didn’t want to talk about Frank. Where had these men come from and why were they guarding her?

“What does your father say?”

“My father passed away and my mother remarried several years ago. Frank’s father, Edward, is my stepfather.”

The day her mother married was the day hell arrived. A more conniving man she’d never met than her stepfather.

As they rode toward her home, she didn’t want it to end, though she knew her mother needed her now more than ever. The sway of Jesse’s horse had her rubbing against his chest creating a tension in her body she’d never felt.

The aroma of horse and man had her breathing even more deeply. Something about the way Jesse smelled had her almost swaying in the saddle. How she wanted this ride to go on.

The house came into view and she wanted to groan. Would she ever see these men again?

“What’s wrong with your mother?” he asked.

“Consumption,” she said, the pain gripping her chest. Once her mother was gone, Mattie would be in so much danger.

“Could we meet her?” Alex asked.

“Of course,” she said and wondered what her mother would think of the two burly, handsome men. As she gazed between them, she couldn’t help but wonder which one she would choose. Alex made her knees grow weak and he’d been so kind and caring. In Jesse’s arms, she felt like nothing could harm her, safe and guarded and he smelled so delightful.

When they arrived at the house, Alex placed his hands around her waist and lifted her from the saddle. His touch was warm and when her feet

touched the ground, she glanced up into his gaze and felt as though the world spun around her.

A smile spread across his face as Jesse stepped out of the saddle and stood directly behind her. For a moment, she felt sandwiched between them and her heart almost beat out of her chest. Breathless, she moved toward the house, wondering at the feelings they evoked.

The Victorian farmhouse had been in her family for generations. And yet she knew she would be forced to leave the farm once her mother died. Her stepfather and stepbrother would never give her the home and she could not stay. That was obvious.

When they entered the house, it was silent. She turned to gaze at the two men. “Stay here. Let me check on her and then I’ll take you back,” she said.

Mattie hurried down the hall to her mother’s room, but she couldn’t help but glance back at the two cowboys who’d rescued her.

Why was she so drawn to both? Who would she choose?

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3

JESSE

JESSE WATCHED Mattie enter her mother's bedroom and immediately turned to Alex. "She's the one."

Alex grinned at him. "I'm so glad you agree. How do we convince her?"

Jesse glanced around at the home, a much nicer replica of their own home. The memory of the feel of Mattie's back sliding across his chest, the sweet smell of woman surrounding him had his dick rock solid.

He couldn't wait to fuck her. But he could never give her his heart. After Scotland, he decided he would never fall in love again. Love hurt too much when stripped away. He would do everything for their wife, except give what little was left of his heart.

How could they convince her to leave her home behind and let them protect her?

Just then, she stepped to the door, her blue eyes filled with tears. “You can stay for just a moment. She’s not doing well.”

It was all he could do not to take her in his arms and comfort her.

Jesse led the way into the woman’s bedroom. She sat up in bed, the covers up around her neck, her face pale, her skin stretched taut against her bones. Death seemed to hang like an uninvited guest in the room.

“Ma’am, Jesse Kelton and my friend Alex Craghead.”

“Nice to meet you,” she said softly. “How did you meet my daughter?”

Mattie shook her head vigorously, trying to stop Jesse from telling her mother, but the woman needed to know the truth.

“Ma’am, we rescued her from her stepbrother Frank. That’s why she’s wearing my shirt.”

The woman seemed to shrink even farther in the bed. “I’ve been so worried. I’ve watched him looking at my Mattie and feared he would hurt her.”

Alex stepped up to the bed. “Ma’am, I’d like to marry your daughter. We have a nice ranch in Bridgewater and I can assure you that she would be well cared for.”

Mattie’s mouth fell open and she stared at Alex. “We just met. I know nothing about you.”

The poor lass was afraid and how could he blame her after dealing with her stepbrother. Somehow they had to convince her that she would be safe with them. That they would cherish her.

“Sometimes you just know, Mattie. And I knew the moment I saw you that I wanted you to be my wife.” He turned and looked at her mother. “Ma’am, you don’t know us. But I’m an honest, hardworking man who will take good care of Mattie. I’ll protect her with my life and never harm her. If she stays here, I fear for her safety.”

A tear slipped down her mother’s cheek and her blue eyes, the same color as Mattie’s, darkened. “You are an answer to my prayers. Frank and

even my husband, Edward, will do everything they can to bring her back. Are you prepared to fight them?"

"Yes, ma'am," Alex said with convection.

Jesse knew they would be dead men if they tried to harm Mattie.

"Yes, please marry Mattie today. Save her from Frank."

Mattie stood frozen on the other side of the bed. She kneeled beside her mother. "No, I'm not going anywhere. You need me."

Her mother reached out and took her hand. "I have days, maybe even hours left. It's my time and I want to leave this earth knowing my daughter is safe. You will not be safe here."

She gazed up at them and Jesse felt like she was handing them her most precious gift. "These men will explain to you where they live. It's a decent, honorable place where women are treated well and families look out for one another. You'll be safe with them. And that is the most important gift you could give me."

The mother knew of Bridgewater and understand their small town. She was giving them her blessing. Jesse's respect for her went through the roof. Now he was certain they had chosen the right woman.

Mattie laid her head on her mother's hand. "No, Momma, please don't make me leave you."

"Go pack your things," she said as she glanced at Alex. "You'll marry her today?"

"Yes, ma'am. You have my word."

"And mine," Jesse said.

Alex reached out and took Mattie's hand. "Mattie, I give you my word that we will never harm you. Now go pack your things. It's time for us to leave."

Confusion filled her eyes and he feared she would give them trouble, but they needed to get her out of here before Frank and his father came home. Or there would be a bloody battle.

After she left the room, her mother turned and gazed at them. “Mattie is an heiress. Her father left her a lot of money that she will acquire when she turns twenty-one. Frank and Edward don’t love her, they want her inheritance. She turns twenty-one in two months. They’re desperate for Frank to marry her before that time. So please, be aware, they will come after you.”

Let them. Jesse would enjoy tangling with Frank and his father. Letting some of the rage inside him explode on them at how they treated Mattie and her mother.

“Mattie will be safe with us.”

Her mother glanced at them. “Please take care of my girl. Promise me you won’t hurt her.”

“Like we said before, we will defend her with our life,” Alex promised her.

Just then Mattie came through the door with a satchel in her hand. “Please, Mother, don’t make me go.”

She came to the bed and sat beside her and took her in her arms. “Honey, you know what’s going to happen if you stay here. This way I know you’re safe. This way I can die in peace knowing these two fine men are going to take care of you.”

Mattie leaned back. “You’re certain?”

“Yes, now go. I love you and I’ll be looking down on you to make certain you’re safe. Never forget how much I love you. You’ve been the joy of my life.”

Alex moved forward when he saw her mother trying to push her out of her arms. Jesse wanted to be the first one to hold her and comfort her, but Alex was there. Jesse would get his time to comfort her later.

They all turned to walk out the door. Mattie sobbing, she turned for one last look.

“Bye, Momma, I love you.”

Her mother shed tears quietly and waved a hand. Tonight, they would need to comfort Mattie. But first they had to find a judge and make her theirs. Then it would be a two-hour ride home.

Could he wait another night before he touched their woman? Oh, hell no. Even now, the thought of taking her home and fucking her was more than he could bear.

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4

ALEX

ALEX LIFTED her onto Jesse's saddle and then Jesse climbed up behind her. Tears streamed down her face as they spurred their horses away from her home. Jesse spoke softly to her, trying to give her comfort.

"Don't worry, we'll take care of you," Jesse said. "We'll protect you."

Mattie sniffed. "I don't think I should leave her."

"Lass, if you don't go with us, you will wake up in the morning married to Frank. Is that what you want?"

Alex was certain there was no way Frank would risk her getting away after what had happened today. And it sounded like her stepfather was greedy.

"No," she said.

"Your mother loved you so much that she was looking out for you. Don't dishonor her by going against her wishes."

The woman was silent for a few minutes as they rode in the direction of town. She leaned her head against his chest and Alex was sure Jesse's cock

responded, growing hard.

“What did Momma mean you would explain to me about where you live?”

Alex smiled at her. “Bridgewater is a place where every woman has two husbands to look out for her. This way if something happens to me, Jesse is there to protect you and our children.”

Her brows came together in a frown. “But I can’t marry you both.”

“No, legally, you’ll be married to Alex, but you’ll be both of our wives. The wedding vows will go for me as well. Alex will say the vows, but my heart will also be included with them. Once you’re married to us, there will be no going back. You’re ours.”

Her eyes widened with the knowledge that she would have the two of them. The girl was an innocent, and yet, Alex could see the fire inside her, just waiting for someone to ignite. And he couldn’t wait for the two of them to ignite the passion in her.

Mattie chewed her bottom lip, fear in her eyes. “It’s just, I don’t know either of you.”

“Do you think we’re good men?” Jesse asked.

“Of course,” she said.

“Are you attracted to us?” Alex asked, certain she was at the way she responded to their touch. The way her breasts seemed to swell and her nipples had hardened enough he could see them through her chemise when the shirt she wore fell open.

Would she lie to them? Because if she did, she would soon find herself over his knee.

Her sapphire eyes gazed at him. “Yes, but I’m nervous.”

Jesse leaned around her and kissed her lips. “Thanks for being honest. We’ll take things slow. But first we’re going to get you married. That way Frank and his father can’t take you away. Then we’ll take you home. We’re men and we can’t wait to get you alone.”

“What will we do?” she asked, her voice breathless.

Mattie angled her head and leaned back against Jesse, staring up into his eyes. Alex couldn’t help but feel a little jealous, but his plan had worked. Soon, they would both be sharing their bride.

Certain she was an innocent, she had no idea what would happen tonight and he could see the fear and her innocent anticipation.

Jesse kissed her again, a lingering kiss, and Alex could see she was affected by his lips. When they broke apart, he gazed down at her. “We’ll take it slow and when you’re ready, we’ll make you ours.”

Mattie turned and faced Alex. “And you as well?”

“Yes, Mattie, from the first moment I saw you, I wanted you. I can’t wait to undress you, tear that soiled gown from you and gaze at your lush body.”

A blush crossed her face. “What about children?”

They both chuckled.

“We can’t wait,” Jesse said. “If you get pregnant tonight, we’d be pleased.”

When they reached town, they soon found a judge willing to marry them.

Today, he’d been dreaming about a wife, wishing for one to come into their lives and suddenly there she was in front of them. As Mattie and he said the vows, Jesse stood as a witness, both of them committing to her.

The dress she wore was the same one Frank attacked her in. Grass stains marred the front, but their woman looked dignified and regal, her blonde hair hung in curls down her back. Beautiful and he couldn’t wait to get her home and remove that horrible dress from her and burn it.

“You may now kiss your bride,” the judge said.

It was their first kiss, and yet, he didn’t want to make her uncomfortable. If they were home, he would have her melting from the

touch of lips, but here with the judge, he gave her a brief kiss, saving the best for later.

“Congratulations,” he said.

Just then the door to his office burst open.

“Stop. She can’t marry him.” An older man came rushing toward Mattie. Frank running behind the older man.

Jesse moved to guard Mattie, putting her between them, blocking the man from reaching her.

“Too late,” Jesse said his voice almost gleeful. “Alex just married her.”

The man’s cheeks flushed with anger.

“Undo the vows,” the man said. “She doesn’t have my permission. She’s going to marry my son.”

“No,” Mattie said. “I don’t need your permission and I’m not marrying Frank. Alex is my husband.”

The man’s face turned red and he glowered at her. “You’re going to regret this.”

Jesse stepped up to him. “If you want to live, don’t come near Mattie or I will kill you.”

“She’s my stepdaughter. She’s not right in the head.”

“I’m very sane. Your son tried to force himself on me today. These gentlemen rescued me and Alex offered to marry me. We’re done.”

“You’d go off and leave your momma dying to get married?” the older man said, his eyes glaring at her. “You’re a selfish bitch.”

Mattie began to tremble and Alex feared she would change her mind.

Instead, she did her best to get around Jesse, her fists doubled. He laid his hand on her arm to restrain her.

“Oh, I regret the day you came into our lives. Momma knew what the two of you were doing and made me leave.”

That was enough. Anger rushed through Alex at how these men had treated her mother and Mattie and the urge to beat them senseless was

building and about to explode.

“Stop,” Alex said in a quiet, deadly tone. “Leave now unless you want the judge to witness your killing.”

“This is not over,” Edward said. He grabbed his son. “Let’s go. Soon you’ll be dead men.”

The two men walked out the door and the judge sighed. “Boys, you know I have to report this to the sheriff.”

“Yes, sir,” Jesse said. “Why do you think Mattie’s dress is stained and the bodice ripped. Because of Frank. We’re just lucky we came along when we did.”

And now they had the woman they had been dreaming of.

Mattie sighed. “No, I’m the lucky one. Judge, I’m begging you to please let me know when my mother passes. I didn’t want to leave her, but she insisted I marry Alex. And I’m so thankful I did.”

The man nodded. “Of course. I remember your father. He was a good man.”

“Thank you,” she said.

“Let’s head home, so we can make it before dark,” Jesse said, gazing at Alex.

The man was sending him a warning. One that said they needed to get home before Frank and Edward found help. They needed to get home, so they could give their bride the attention she deserved. They needed to get home before their cocks exploded.

“Congratulations, Alex and Mattie,” the judge said.

The three of them walked out of the judge’s chambers. Alex tensed and looked around for the two scalawags, but they were nowhere to be seen.

As Alex helped Mattie onto Jesse’s horse, he shook his head. “Jesse, I think we married ourselves a little spitfire. She was ready to punch Edward.”

“You’re protecting me and I protect what’s mine. You two are now my men,” she said.

Her words made Alex want to spur his horse and get home as quickly as possible. It sounded like she had accepted their marriage. Tonight they would make the blonde spitfire theirs.

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5

JESSE

WHEN THEY ARRIVED SAFELY at home, all Jesse felt was relief. All the way home, he'd kept an eye out for anyone following them, knowing that Edward and Frank were not going to back away. Men like them were stupid when it came to money and dying.

Sooner or later, they would try to grab their bride and would meet his Colt 45 up close and personal. Maybe even his fists, and this time, he wouldn't stop. This time, when he finished, they would be planted six feet under.

Mattie was theirs now. The money was hers and they wanted no part of it. A man didn't take money from his bride. If she wanted to give some to the children, that was her decision. Their commitment as husbands was to earn enough to take care of her and their children.

It was their duty. Their honor and pledge to her. As her husbands, they would uphold their vows. And tonight, they would make her theirs in every

sense of the word.

“When we get home, I’ll take the horses and put them in the barn. You take Mattie into the house and show her around,” Alex said.

“All right. But hurry.” His cock was about to burst with the need to plunge deep inside their wife. He couldn’t wait to unwrap her and explore her body.

Alex laughed. “Don’t start without me.”

“We’ll start with her bath.”

“Bath? I don’t need one.”

For the last couple of miles, Mattie had been silent, but now the fear was back in her eyes with the realization of what would soon happen. Somehow they had to help her relax and a bath would calm her.

“Oh, yes, you do,” Jesse said, speaking low. “Not that you smell bad. But to prepare you. It’s your wedding night.”

A shiver went through her and Jesse didn’t know if it was fear or excitement. Whatever it was, he would make certain she was prepared and willing when the time came.

Tonight would be the first of many lessons they would teach their bride. Training her would be their pleasure and he was ready to get started.

Alex helped Mattie from Jesse’s horse. Then Jesse stepped out of his saddle while Alex took the reins and hurried to the barn. He was certain the man’s cock was probably as near to bursting as his own and he’d be back soon.

In the meantime, Jesse would begin to prepare their bride for the night to come.

When they reached the door, he lifted her into his arms.

“What are you doing?”

“I’m carrying you over the threshold. Alex is your legal husband, but you’re my woman just as much as his.”

She wrapped her arms around his neck, clinging to him and licked her lips nervously.

As they entered the house, he let her body slide down his own, her eyes widening. “Welcome home.”

Instead of looking at the house, she gazed up into his eyes, her sapphire eyes filled with desire. The little minx wasn’t immune to them. She turned and faced the room while he lit the oil lamps, knowing he wanted to see every inch of her soon-to-be naked body.

“This is nice. I didn’t expect your home to be so lovely,” she said, gazing about the main room with the fireplace. The kitchen took up the back wall, and while they had barely used the new stove, she would be given plenty of opportunity to fix their meals.

“Where is my bedroom?” she asked.

A grin spread across his face. Their wife was an innocent.

“With us,” he said. “We have an extra-large bed we had made for when we married. You’ll be right between us.”

“Oh,” she said blushing.

“I’m going to get some fresh water and fill the tub,” he said.

When he walked out the door, he ran into Alex, returning from the barn.

“That was quick,” he said laughing. “Record time.”

“The saddles are hung, the horses fed and watered and now I’m ready to discover our bride.”

In the dark, he could see how eager his friend was and yet Jesse shoved two buckets into his hand.

“Here, help me fill these with water.”

“Do we have to bathe her first?”

Alex was in a hurry and tonight was not about rushing. It was about taking the time to acquaint their bride with their bodies, their cocks, and learning what excited her.

“No, but don’t you think it would be nice to eat a clean, shaven pussy?”

“Right now, I just want to sample that pussy.”

“Besides, she’s nervous. I thought maybe this would help her settle down.”

When they got back to the house, they were pleased to discover she had made them all a little snack.

“I found some summer sausage and cheese in the root cellar. Are you hungry?”

Oh yeah, he was starving for her, but maybe they did need some food first. Because it was going to be a very long night.

Jesse put the water on to boil and pulled out a big copper wash tub from a closet. While the water heated, they sat at the table.

This was a good time to let her learn what they expected.

“Always remember that we are looking out for your best interests. So if we tell you not to do something, we have a reason for it. If you disobey, you will be punished,” Jesse said.

“But you promised Mother you wouldn’t harm me.”

Alex smiled. “And we won’t harm you, but we will punish you.”

“Tonight, we will start your training.”

“Training?” she asked innocently.

“You’ll soon learn,” Jesse said, not wanting to scare her, though his cock was ready to burst from his pants.

She licked her lips. The water was hot and the moment had arrived to coax their bride into her bath.

“It’s time,” Alex said as he finished his last slice of sausage. Lifting the tub, he carried it up to the bedroom.

When they had her bath all set up, Jesse went down for her while Alex filled the tub with sweet smelling bath salts he’d bought with this day in mind.

“Honey, come on, it’s going to be all right. If you’re not ready, we’ll wait.”

She swallowed and rose from the table. “My satchel. I’ll need my nightgown.”

Jesse smiled, picked up her satchel and took her hand and led her up the stairs, his cock near to pain with excitement. Yes, he told her they would wait. He was going to make certain she was begging them to take her by the time he finished with her.

When they entered the room, Alex had removed his clothes. Mattie gave a little gasp at the sight of Alex nude. His cock hard and jutting out from his body.

“Never fear looking at our bodies. They’re for your pleasure, just like yours will be for our pleasure,” Alex told her. “Tonight is all about you and your first time. We want to make you happy.”

“But what if I’m not ready?”

“It’s our job to make you ready. If you’re not begging for us, then we’ve not done our job properly. And we start now,” Jesse told her.

He slipped his shirt from her shoulders, his eyes instantly drawn to the ripped bodice of her dress. Reaching up, he ripped the dress portion down to her waist.

She gasped. “My dress.”

“I’ll buy you a new dress, but I hate what this one represents. Frank trying to harm you. It’s gone.”

With that, he finished removing her dress, leaving it in a discarded heap on the floor. She stood before them, blushing, still very much clothed. “Woman, from now on, you will only wear a dress. No undergarments, no corset.”

“What?” she said shocked. “But a proper lady wears a petticoat, her corset, camisole and knickers.”

Alex stepped up behind her and pressed his cock between her petticoats. “Not our woman. You will be available to us at all times.”

“Oh,” she said, her eyes widening.

Jesse removed her petticoat, her drawers, and finally her corset. Those would be burned in the fireplace in the morning.

Standing before them in nothing more than her shift, she looked tense, yet her nipples pebbled beneath the cotton material. Unable to resist, Jesse leaned down and sucked one in his mouth, cloth and all. She jumped, but then she rolled her head back and moaned.

Through the outline of the white cloth, he could see the dark hair covering her pussy. The hair he wanted to remove.

Alex pressed against her naked back, ramming his rock-hard cock into her ass.

“Relax. Your men are going to pleasure you.”

With a gasp, her knees almost buckled and she whimpered.

With a yank, Jesse removed her shift and she stood before them, naked. Trim waist, long legs and breasts with dark areolas and nipples just begging to be sucked.

“Dear God,” he murmured, “you’re beautiful.”

Her breasts were full and rounded and Alex wrapped his arms around her, his hands cupping those sweet tempting orbs. As he played with her nipples, pulling, stretching them, her eyes darkened with arousal. Oh, yes, she enjoyed their touch.

Laying her head back against Alex’s shoulder, she closed her eyes.

A narrow waist, her hips flared wide and full with long legs that could wrap around a man’s body. A dark thatch of curls centered in her body.

“Look at me,” Jesse commanded.

Slowly, she glanced at him from beneath her hooded gaze and moaned as Alex continued fondling her breasts.

Time for her bath and to prepare her.

He took her hand. “Lass, your bath awaits.”

“Oh,” she said as he helped her into the tub.

When she sank into the warm water, Alex stood beside her, his cock in his hand, rubbing his member. “This is what you do to me.”

Shocked, she timidly reached out and touched the head. The man groaned as she leaned back in the tub. Her fingers exploring the head of his shaft. Jesse picked up the washcloth and the bar of soap and started at her neck. Slowly he trailed the rag down her arms, her chest, her stomach and her legs, washing her, rubbing her, not letting any crevices escape his attention.

When he reached her pussy, she spread her legs and he swiped the cloth across her lips, opening them. His finger trailed across her clit and she jumped at the touch. A moan escaped her and she gasped.

“That feels good.”

Their woman was responsive and he couldn’t be happier. Soon he would have her begging for his cock.

“Can you get on your hands and knees?” Jesse asked.

She frowned at him in a questioning way, but did as she was told.

“Good girl,” he said as he took the rag and explored her backside.

She jumped. A whimper escaped her as he ran the rag over her ass and his finger touched her puckered rosebud. But she didn’t try to move away, instead she leaned back toward his hand and he rubbed his finger over the sensitive flesh around her anus. Her breathing accelerated and she moaned.

“Someday soon, when you’re properly trained and you’re ready, we’re going to take you in both holes.”

She gasped. “You can do that?”

“Honey, we’re going to take you in your pussy, your ass, and your mouth,” Alex said.

“We’re your men. And we will decide how to use your body.”

A moan escaped from her and he could see her wide eyes and puckered nipples as she was growing excited.

Unable to resist, he reached out and twisted one of her nipples. She moaned and gazed up in his eyes, her mouth open. Oh, how he wanted to shove his cock in there, but knew she wasn't ready.

Alex reached into the water and put his fingers on her clit while he ran his fingers over her ass. On her hands and knees, she couldn't escape as they brought her to the brink of an orgasm.

"What's happening?"

"Your body is getting ready to come."

"Oh my, oh no, I can't." Suddenly a shiver ran through her and she almost collapsed in the water as pleasure rocked her. Jesse held her up.

When it was over, she stared at them, her breathing heavy. Their woman was ready and he couldn't wait to shove his dick inside her to give her pleasure.

"Let's get her out of the tub and shave her," he said as he glanced at Alex. His dick was leaking fluid and it appeared at any moment he was going to explode.

He nodded and helped her to stand. Jesse wrapped a bath sheet around her.

"Why are you going to shave me?"

"To make your pussy bare," Alex said as he led Mattie to the bed.

Gently he pushed her back, letting her feet dangle above the floor. He spread her legs, his fingers trailing over her folds. "So we can get to this better."

"Why?"

"Because I want to eat your pussy," Jesse told her as he brought the straight razor and a shaving cup filled with lather to the bed.

Her eyes widened.

"Eat me?"

Alex grinned as he slid off the bed and crawled between her legs.

When his mouth touched her folds, her jaw opened wide. While his tongue explored her clit, she gripped the bath sheet.

“Aargh,” she mumbled. “Oh my.”

Jesse watched as he spread her lower lips, his tongue diving inside her. She raised her hips and it was the most enticing thing he’d ever seen as he watched her claw the sheets trying to control the pleasure rocking her.

“Don’t stop,” she moaned.

Alex stopped, raised his lips from her. Then his hand came down and lightly spanked her pussy. With a gasp, her eyes flared open and she stared at him. Their woman did seem to enjoy what they were doing to her.

“In the bedroom, never tell us what to do. We are in control.” Jesse said. “This is part of your training. We control you.”

Alex spanked her once again between her legs. But this time she whimpered. He spanked her again landing on her clit. Swollen red, her little clit poked out, so responsive.

The next time he spanked her clit, she came, shuddering and crying out his name. He plunged his fingers inside her and she cried out as pleasure rocked through her.

“Alex,” she cried.

In amazement, Alex glanced at him. Their wife liked having her pussy spanked.

Slowly, he stood and grinned down at her. “Now, do you understand?”

In the grip of passion, she couldn’t respond.

Alex pulled her legs back and spread her wide.

Jesse took the brush, dipped it into the lather, and then let it trail over her clit, lower and lower all the way to her back entrance. Then he took the razor and slowly slid it over her pussy.

Alex held her legs open as he ran the razor over each lip, removing the hair. Then he took the towel and gently removed any remaining lather. She was clean shaven and he knew they had held back for as long as they could.

Both were near to bursting wanting to fuck their wife.

Her eyes were glazed and he knew she was aroused from the bath, the spanking, and even the shaving.

“Now, we’re going to take you,” he said as he stood and began to remove his clothes. “Now we’re going to make you ours.”

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6

MATTIE

MATTIE DIDN'T KNOW what she expected to happen on her wedding night, but this wasn't it. This was much better.

She glanced down at her pussy and gazed at it shorn. Her lips were red and swollen from Alex spanking her and yet it didn't hurt but created so many feelings inside her.

Even now, she wanted more. She wanted to feel his cock inside her.

Jesse knelt beside her on the bed while Alex pulled her up, centering her in the large bed that would hold all three of them.

Lying there, she was surrounded by her men as they called themselves. A term she really liked. It was possessive, like they only belonged to her.

Alex put his dripping fingers to her mouth. "Open. That's what you taste like. Suck my fingers."

It seemed so naughty and yet she obeyed, licking his fingers, tasting herself.

“Good girl,” Jesse said, his fingers slipping down to her center, stroking her clit. Just the touch sent desire pulsing through her.

Once again, he was creating so much pleasure that her hips raised instinctively when he touched her, shoving his fingers inside.

“Our Mattie is a virgin,” Jesse said as he continued to stroke her, his fingers dipping deep inside her. Would this be like his cock?

“You’re beautiful when you came, but from now on, you only come when we give you permission,” Alex said.

“But what if I can’t hold back?” she gasped.

“Then you’ll be punished,” Jesse said.

Alex leaned over, cupped her chin and kissed her. The kiss, his tongue, the way he held her face had her pussy clenching Jesse’s fingers. A moan escaped her and she wanted him to fuck her. He promised her she would want them and she didn’t believe him. But now, she did. Now she wanted them both.

When Alex released her lips, she moved her hips trying to get more of Jesse’s hand, his fingers, anything to give her relief. His fingers were big and filled her, but she wanted more. She needed more.

“Jesse,” she pleaded.

“Are you ready, sweetheart? Because I’m going to take your virginity and then Alex will take his turn.”

“Yes,” she cried, knowing it was true that she wanted him inside her now.

Jesse nudged her knees even wider, the flared head of his cock ready to enter her. She opened to give herself to him. She glanced into his eyes and fell into a deep pool of molten brown. He placed his huge cock at her entrance.

“Time to make you ours,” he said.

She whimpered as her pussy lips came apart. “You’re so big.”

“I’m going to fill you up.”

With a gasp, he stretched her, but she wasn't afraid any longer. In fact, she was eager as she felt the membrane tear and winced at the pain. Like a flower, she felt her pussy opening and then he thrust inside her even deeper and she wrapped her legs around him.

"She's tight," Jesse said as he shoved his cock even deeper stretching her, making her his.

He rolled them over and she was on top of him. "Ride my cock."

Rising onto her knees, she rode him, each stroke sliding her closer and closer to the edge. She wanted to come but didn't have permission. Throwing her head back, she moaned.

She felt Alex behind her and suddenly his fingers seemed like they were everywhere. One was pulling at her nipples, sending shooting stings of desire racing through her.

His other hand was at her clit, teasing and playing and rushing her toward the climax. "Alex, stop."

His hand slapped her ass. "Never tell me to stop."

"But I'm going to come."

"You must learn to control the pleasure," he said against her ear.

Smack!

The sting of his hand against her bottom was painful but left a heat spreading through her that made her clench her pussy. Filled with Jesse's cock, she feared coming.

Then she felt his fingers slick with her desire, press against her ass. He swirled around the hole, his finger teasing her and she stiffened.

"No," the word slipped out before she had a chance to stop it.

Smack! His hand came down on her ass and she wiggled away while not losing Jesse's cock. Squeezing it hard inside her.

"Do it again," Jesse groaned.

Smack, Alex hit her ass again and she gasped at the sting, the pain and the heat consuming her.

“I think our wife likes to be spanked,” Jesse said, gripping her waist as she rode him up and down his cock.

Pleasure consumed her and it was all she could do not to come, but she was holding back, daring not to breathe.

“Do you like being spanked?” Alex asked her.

She wanted to scream at him to please not stop, but she didn’t want to seem like a wanton, though at this moment, all she could think about was what they’d do next.

Smack, he hit her again. “Answer, Mattie.”

“Yes, oh yes, but if you don’t stop, I’m going to come.”

Alex’s finger once again, pressed against her anus and while she wanted to push it out, he swirled the finger around, gentle, but demanding.

The finger retreated and then two fingers demanded entry.

“Aargh,” she cried as she tightened.

“Relax,” Alex whispered against her ear. “Good girl. Now your ass is opening to me. Soon it will take my cock.”

Heat flared through her and she felt him go deeper as she moaned.

“Oh, Jesse,” she cried.

Alex pressed his hard cock into to her back, his fingers still deep in her bottom. “I can’t wait to fuck you. Take my cock and make you scream with pleasure.”

His finger slid in and out and it was more than she could take.

The feel of Jesse’s sweet cock filling her and Alex’s fingers deep in her ass brought her closer and closer to the edge.

“Come for us,” Jesse said as he slammed into her pussy one last time.

Alex smacked her ass and she voiced her release, a swirl of both pleasure and pain and threw her head back and filled the room with screams of ecstasy.

This was not what she expected from tonight. All the energy seemed to drain from her, and she slumped onto Jesse’s chest as Alex caressed her

back.

“Good girl,” he said, kissing her back, her neck. Her men were here to protect her, keep her safe, and train her.

Slowly, Jesse moved her to her back. She stared up at them, feeling like they were the ropes that held her in her world.

“Is it bad that I enjoyed you spanking me? I never thought about that as being pleasurable.”

A wicked grin spread across Alex’s face. “Not at all. We will punish you when you disobey, but we would never harm you.”

All she wanted to do was curl into a ball and go to sleep. But there was Alex, waiting his turn and from the gleam in his eye, her body was reawakening. How would he be different?

Jesse had filled her to overbrimming with his cock.

“It’s Alex’s turn, honey,” Jesse said. “But don’t worry. I’m going to be right here at your side, keeping the fires burning. Get on your knees over me.”

Not certain how they wanted her, she straddled Jesse and then she felt Alex.

He rubbed his cock along her pussy and a tremor of excitement caused her to tremble. The thought of a man taking her from behind, terrifying and exciting at the same time.

“Soon,” Alex whispered against her ear. “Soon, I’m going to put my cock in your ass while Jesse takes your pussy. Then we’ll switch.”

His words made her moan, the idea electrifying and rousing.

“You like having my fingers in your ass, didn’t you?”

Oh, how she wanted to deny it, but knew they would punish her for lying. “Yes.”

Jesse stroked her clit as Alex lined his cock up with her pussy.

“Ride his cock, honey. Ride it hard.”

Alex’s cock pushed in and slid into place and she began to meet each thrust. When she slowed, he slapped her ass, not hard, but enough to send pleasure centering between my legs, heat gathering like a storm once again. Jesse flicked his fingers over her clit and then she felt Alex’s fingers once again deep inside her ass. She was being fucked in both holes while Jesse twisted her clit.

Her breathing accelerated and she knew she could not hold out much longer. She moved, rocking her hips meeting his every thrust both in her pussy and her ass. Pleasure and pain mixed, and he smacked her on the ass again. How could something that seemed so carnal be so pleasurable?

And how could she love it so much?

“Alex,” she cried.

He leaned next to her ear. “Come whenever you want, because I’m going to fill you with my come.”

His words were all she needed. Like a wanton, she squeezed his cock, the walls of her pussy gripping him as she fucked herself and him, riding him like a wild stallion in heat.

As she came again, Jesse whispered against her cheek. “Good girl.”

Her hips came to rest, but he lifted her hips to meet his thrusts, pounding, plunging into her for his own pleasure. Like a rag doll, he used her until she felt him swell inside her and shove so deep, he hit her womb. His hot seed pulsed through her and she collapsed on top of Jesse.

Jesse held her while she tried to recover. “Now you’re our bride.”

At this moment, she felt like a well-fucked bride and she couldn’t wait until they were ready to do it again. Heavy breathing filled the air along with the scent of their fucking.

Never in her wildest dreams had she thought that tonight would be like this. Now she belonged to both of them. As their seed began to trickle out of her, Alex sat on the edge of the bed.

He gripped her shaved pussy. “You were right, Jesse. Shaving her pussy and seeing it all red and swollen and well used, that’s a sight to behold.”

Alex glanced at her. “I can’t wait to fuck you again.”

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7

MATTIE

THE NEXT MORNING when she awoke, her men were gone. The bathtub had been removed and she lay there naked, remembering the night before, wishing her men were still here in the room with her.

The smell of bacon drifted up the stairs. Last night, she had been so nervous when they first arrived, she couldn't remember a thing about how the house appeared. As she rose from the bed, she glanced down and saw her naked pussy.

Her lips were bare, clit hanging down.

A sigh escaped her and she hurried to the water bowl and freshened up. Then she began to look for her satchel. It was gone. Frantically, she searched the room and found nothing.

"Jesse," she called. "Alex?"

Where were her clothes? Two sets of boots hurried up the stairs, running around the corner.

"Good morning, sunshine," Alex said.

Jesse stood back and watched her. She had the bed sheet wrapped around her.

“Where’s my satchel?”

“It’s been put in a safe place.”

Alex gave her a wicked grin as a sizzle of alarm trickled up her spine. They were up to something.

“The first week you’re here, we want you naked at all times,” Alex said.

“But what if we have company?”

“Here in Bridgewater, no one will be shocked. It’s not unheard of,” Jesse explained.

“But…I can’t be nude while I’m cooking?”

“You can wear an apron, but we plan on taking you anytime we desire you,” Alex said.

“No,” she said and watched as the men both approached her. She took a step back and her legs hit the back of the bed. She tumbled backward.

Suddenly Alex ripped the sheet from her body.

Jesse picked her up and laid her across his knee. Smack!

“Oh, no,” she cried.

“You’ve been warned that we know what’s best for you. You are to do as we say,” Jesse said.

Smack!

Warmth spread through her cheeks and centered in her pussy.

His hand landed once again, only this time closer to her pussy. Pain radiated through her buttocks all the way to her breasts and a moan escaped her.

Jesse slid his fingers into her pussy. “She’s dripping. Our girl likes being spanked.”

In the grips of pleasure, they laid her out on the bed and then Jesse leaned down and spread her legs wide. On his knees, he blew on her pussy lips and then his hand came down and he spanked her there.

“Jesse,” she cried.

Shoving his fingers inside her, it was all she could do not to scream as she came. But she bit her lip to steal back the pleasure riding her hard. “Fuck me.”

“Oh no, honey, I’m going to eat you.”

His lips came down on her and it was all she could do to keep from screaming. His tongue moved along the seam while his hands spread her and dove in as he licked her clit.

A whimper escaped from her as he licked, driving his tongue into her pussy, licking the seams and splitting her apart. He took her to the edge.

Not to be left out, Alex placed his mouth over her breasts, his teeth nipping at her nipples, sending desire racing through her. She tried to raise her hips, needing more as he shoved his fingers inside her.

“Please let me come,” she begged.

“Sure,” he said with a wicked smile, “after I flip you over and we continue your training. Then you may come.”

“More?”

What new things did they have in store for her?

Alex brought a box to the bed where he pulled out a strange looking wooden object, narrow at the top and then flaring out. “This will stretch you open, so we can ass fuck you.”

At the sight of it, she whimpered. It looked terrifying.

“Will it hurt?”

“No, lass, but if we didn’t use it, then we’d harm you. This way it makes it easier for you to take our big cocks,” Jesse said.

“Up on your knees,” Alex commanded.

“We’ll make it good, I promise,” Jesse whispered as he helped her to a sitting position.

She crawled up on her knees.

Alex pushed her head down. “On your face.”

The sound of a lid opening had her glancing back. Jesse wiped some kind of slippery goo over the wooden object and then his fingers pressed the lube inside her.

A tingle of something forbidden sent an ache of pleasure through her. This seemed so deranged, so nasty, and so exciting. A shiver of anticipation went through her.

She whimpered when he began to push the object inside her. No matter how hard she tried to relax, it seemed the object felt like a stick being shoved in her ass.

“Jesse,” she moaned.

“Good girl, we’re almost there,” Alex said. He reached under her and found her clit. When he stroked it, a rush of desire paralyzed her. The pleasure was building and she couldn’t do anything.

A groan escaped her as suddenly it was in. “Oh.”

“You did so well,” Jesse said. “And now for a reward.”

Part of her felt filled and the other part empty, but not for long. Alex’s fingers pulled at her clit as her men turned her onto her back.

Jesse unzipped his pants and pulled out his long, hard cock. “Now, you’re going to feel how it will be with both of us in you.”

Her pussy was soaking wet as he plunged inside her. Last night and this morning, they showed her they had complete control over her. She belonged to them and they could do with her as they wanted.

As Jesse shoved his cock in her, he gazed into her eyes. “Are you all right?”

“Yes,” she gasped.

“Can you feel the plug?”

“Yes,” she whimpered knowing the plug sent desire pulsing through her, making her ache with want.

“Does it hurt?”

“No, it just feels full.”

“And when we put our cocks in you, that’s the way you’re going to feel.”

The very thought blew away any words she could say. Oh, how she wanted both of her men, but feared the pain.

Alex continued his assault on her nipples and she could feel Jesse and the plug. “I want to come.”

“Not yet,” Jesse said. “Hold on or I will spank you.”

A whimper escaped her as she could see that Jesse had pulled out his cock and was stroking it, rubbing it against her cheek.

“Jesse.”

“Not yet. I’m almost there.”

He smacked her on the ass, causing the plug to vibrate, and she groaned, holding back the orgasm rushing toward her.

He thrust back inside her. “Now,” Jesse cried.

“Aargh,” she screamed and bounced on the bed, her muscles gripped his cock as he spilled his seed deep in her womb.

“Never forget you belong to us,” he said as he gave one last shove into her.

Jesse rolled off her and Alex gazed down at her and grinned. “You look well fucked. But we’re not through.”

He pushed her legs into the air, her knees next to her head. “I’m going to fuck you so hard, you’ll think my cock is coming out your throat.”

She licked her lips at his words, eager to feel his cock ramming her pussy. With one long stroke, he pushed in and slammed his cock against the wall of her womb.

The plug and Alex’s cock filled her and she whimpered.

“Are you all right, sweetheart?” he asked.

“Harder. Give it to me harder,” she said, gazing at him.

A smile crossed his face as he pounded her pussy, lifting her legs even higher. Jesse reached over and swatted her ass and it was like an explosion

of heat flooded her.

“Oh,” she cried, biting her lip to keep from coming.

The scent of fucking filled the air as Alex pounded her pussy. He reached back and twisted the plug.

A scream rent the air. “I’m going to come.”

“Now,” he demanded.

He pulled the plug halfway out and then shoved it back in. It was her undoing. “Alex,” she screamed as she disintegrated in his arms, her body trembling.

With one final shove, she felt his seed filling her as she gripped him with her muscles.

He slumped on the bed beside her. She could feel his seed trickling out of her.

“Is this how we’re going to start every day?”

They all laughed. Jesse swatted her on the ass. “Clean up. Breakfast is waiting for you downstairs.”

“I’m supposed to walk around naked with this in my ass?”

“Yes, honey, you are.”

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8

MATTIE

LATER THAT DAY, Alex and Jesse allowed her to put on a dress and the three of them walked down the street of Bridgewater. A small ranch community where everyone knew each other. As they walked, they were stopped and she was introduced. They arrived at a home where community meals were prepared and served.

“Alex and Jesse,” a woman said as she met them at the door, “you’re back.”

“Yes, ma’am,” Alex said. “I’d like to introduce you to our wife, Mattie. Mattie this is Emma.”

“I’m married to Whitmore and Ian, who are somewhere around here. They may be outside. Mattie, come in and let me introduce you to the other women.”

Emma took her by the arm and led her away from her men. She glanced back unsure of how it would feel to be without them. They had only been

married a day, but what a day and night it had been. The memory made her blush.

“You could not have chosen two better men. They are hardworking and have helped here in the community. I’m so happy for you and for them.”

Shocked, Mattie stared at her. She didn’t seem to act like having two men was out of the ordinary. They walked into the kitchen and there were at least five other women preparing the meal.

“Ladies, I want to introduce you to Mattie. She’s Alex and Jesse’s new wife.”

“Welcome,” the ladies called. None of them seemed surprised that she was married to two men.

“What can I do to help?” Mattie asked, thinking the ladies seemed to be very busy. Children lay in cradles or sitting in special chairs beside their mothers as they fed them.

Emma handed her a potato masher and a bowl of potatoes. “Sit here and smash the potatoes while we talk.”

“Did you live in Butte?” Laurel asked. “How did you meet your men?”

“We lived outside Butte. My stepfather and mother and stepbrother. My name was Bryne, but my stepfather was Edward Seyler.”

The women glanced between one another. “Doesn’t he run the mercantile in Butte?”

“One of them,” she said.

“We stopped shopping at his store two years ago,” said Emma. “His prices were way too high. Rumors around town say he’s about to lose the business.”

How many times had she heard he price gouged people and yet money was always short? What did Edward do with the money? Years ago, she had given up trying to understand her stepfather.

“I’ve heard that before,” Mattie said. “I know money was always tight at home. My mother was very ill and insisted that I leave with Alex and

Jesse.”

“Were you in danger?” Ann asked.

Mattie licked her lips, not really wanting to tell them how her stepbrother tried to force himself on her.

Rachel laid a hand on her arm. “We have no secrets in Bridgewater. We look out for one another. We protect each other and if there’s trouble, we all help one another.”

A sigh escaped from Mattie. She didn’t know these women, but she liked them and wanted to belong. “Alex and Jesse came along when my stepbrother was trying to force me to have sex with him.”

The women’s eyes widened and they nodded. “They’re honorable men. They would never accept another man doing that to a woman.”

“Especially Alex,” Emma said. “Not after what happened to his sister.”

Mattie’s ears perked up. Why in the last twenty-four hours had she not asked about their families. Gotten to know them better?

Because all they’d been doing was fucking.

“Do you think he will come after you?” Ann asked.

There was so much she needed to tell her men. She hadn’t even told them she was an heiress. There was a very good chance that Edward and Frank would come after her. Especially, since they needed her money. That was why Edward wanted Frank to marry her. Then he could get his greedy hands on her inheritance.

“I don’t know,” Mattie said. “But I fear that it’s possible.”

Ann patted her hand. “The men are outside talking. I’m sure your men are telling them if there is any danger. Like Rachel said, we are all in this together.”

Could it be that she had brought danger to this small community? She chewed her bottom lip as terror filled her. What if because of her, she had put these families in danger? What if because of her, they were harmed?

“I shouldn’t be here,” she said, rising panic growing inside her like a storm rushing toward her. “My men, I’ve endangered them. I couldn’t live if something happened to one of them.”

She rose from the chair and just then Jesse walked in the kitchen. “What’s wrong.”

Her hands were shaking, her breathing rapid as the thought of Jesse or Alex being killed because of her. Not to mention the community.

“I’ve put you and these lovely women and children in peril. They’re going to come after me and I couldn’t live with myself if someone got hurt.”

Jesse took her in his arms. He rubbed his hand down her back, saying soothing words of comfort to her. “No one will be injured.”

“You don’t know that. We haven’t talked about why they would come after me.”

The panic continued to rise and she didn’t know how to help him understand what kind of danger she had put everyone in. Frantic, she gazed at him. Edward and Frank wanted her inheritance and they would do anything, including killing her men, to get that money.

“Calm down, Mattie,” his voice was low and soothing. “If you don’t, I’ll turn you over my knee right now and spank you.”

A red flush brightened her cheeks and she knew he would.

“But…”

“We’ve already talked to the men about the possibility of Frank and your stepfather causing trouble. Extra lookouts are going to be on patrol. We’re handling this.”

“But…”

Gazing into his green eyes, she felt a sense of calmness overtaking her.

“One more word and I’m going to punish you.”

He continued to rub his hand down her back in a soothing manner. “Trust me.”

And she did trust him, but she couldn’t live with him or anyone else getting hurt. The thought of losing Alex and Jesse had her stomach knotting. They were her men. They were her life.

“Are you all right, now?”

She released a deep sigh. “Yes, but when we get home, we need to talk.”

“Later,” he said. “I’m going back outside, but I’ll check on you in a few minutes.”

She nodded.

Before he released her, he gave her a swat on the ass. Connecting with the plug that vibrated. A sense of pleasure went through her.

After he left, she noticed the women all smiling at her. “Welcome to Bridgewater.”

At first, she felt humiliated. These women knew that her husbands spanked her. Though they didn’t know how much she enjoyed it.

“You are not the only woman here whose men like to spank her,” Ann said. “We all have received a spanking at one time or another. And I’d say we all enjoyed the feel of our husbands hand coming down on our naked ass.”

The women nodded. This world was so different and yet, she liked it. Last night when Alex spanked her, all she could think about was his hand hitting her bottom and even now she could feel the pleasure building, just thinking about what they’d done. While she wore a dress to hide her nakedness, they had burned her undergarments.

She rubbed her bare legs together and wondered if these women were as naked as she was beneath their dresses. Were any of them wearing a plug up their ass? Was their pussy as bare as hers?

As Alex and Jesse’s wife, they controlled her, every part of her, just like these women were dominated by their husbands. But she could see herself here, happy and with a cradle next to her.

As long as Edward and Frank didn’t destroy their life. And that, she feared more than anything.

Emma smiled. “You’ll get used to the Bridgewater way and your two handsome men. It’s only been one day, and I remember feeling so confused and lost. But now, my men, our children, our way of life is everything. And I trust my men. You will too.”

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9

ALEX

ON THE WAY back to their home, Alex noticed how quiet Mattie seemed. Jesse had told him how he found her in the kitchen in a panic that somehow she was going to get everyone harmed.

Edward and Frank were after their wife's money. Frank had no desire to make her happy. Well, that motherfucker could come on, they were prepared. They had warned their neighbors, they were expecting a fight. A fight Frank and Edward Seyler would lose. But had the women said something that set Mattie off.

As they walked in the door, he reached for the buttons on the back of her dress. She would remain nude. The sight of her pink ass and breasts bouncing around the house was a sight he enjoyed.

"We need to talk," she said.

He could hear the anxiety in her voice, the fear, and knew they had to calm her. A quick glance at Jesse, Alex knew his friend agreed with his idea. With the last button undone, her dress dropped to the floor.

All he could do was stare at her rounded buttocks, at the wooden plug that peeked from between her cheeks. The urge to take her once again overcame him as his cock rose in anticipation.

Alex moved to the horsehair couch they had bought at an auction. Sinking down, he gazed at Mattie. “Come here.”

He enjoyed watching the way her breasts swayed. He pulled her onto his lap, making certain his hard cock was lined up with her ass. “What’s wrong?”

“I’m putting everyone in danger. Today, talking to the ladies, I realized why my stepfather wanted me to marry his son. His business is failing and if I married Frank, then he could get his hands on my money. Believe me, this man has no conscious. He will come after me and try to kill you.”

Jesse sat in front of her and ran his hands over her nipples, tweaking, pulling and twisting them.

She gasped. “I haven’t even told you that in two months, I will receive my inheritance.”

“Do you think we want your money?” Jesse asked.

Alex watched as she considered his statement.

“You’re my husbands. You’re entitled to it.”

If Alex could have reached her ass, he would have popped it. But he couldn’t.

“Your money is yours. We want no part of it,” he said. “If you decide to give some to our children, that would be wonderful as long as they don’t receive it until they are twenty-five. But in the meantime, I want no part of your inheritance.”

“Neither do I,” Jesse said. “We are your husbands and we will take care of you. We will provide for you and our family. You won’t. We will protect you and our family. That’s our duty as your men.”

For a moment, she was silent as she gazed at the two of them. “But if it helped make our ranch more profitable, I’m willing to give you the money.”

“No,” they both said.

“We will make the ranch profitable without any help from anyone,” Alex said as memories of his father screaming at him in a drunken rage he would always be a loser. No, he would not take charity and with Jesse’s help and Mattie at his side, he was determined they would have a different kind of life.

A happy life filled with children and fucking their wife.

Jesse leaned forward. “You have to trust us. We know that Frank and Edward Seyler are going to do everything they can to get you back. But they’re going to fail.”

She reached out and touched his check, running her hand down his skin. A tear escaped from her eye as she did the same to Alex, rubbing the scar that was a senseless battle scar.

But because of his sacrifice, Jesse was still alive.

“I like what we have and if something happened to either one of you, I’d be devastated.”

They smiled at her. So their bride liked the life they were creating. That pleased Alex and his hand strayed between her legs. He pushed through her folds until he found her clit and twisted it. “You’re ours and no one will take you away from us.”

“No one,” Jesse said as he slid her off Alex’s lap onto the couch.

Alex spread her legs, hooking one over the top of the upholstery and the other dangled to the floor. She was spread wide and Alex enjoyed the sight of her glistening pussy waiting for his cock.

Jesse stood and began to remove his clothes. “That’s a sight I can’t deny.”

She whimpered. “Hurry.”

“Woman, you’re treading on dangerous territory today. First getting upset at the meal and now commanding that we hurry. Just for that, you’re going to be punished.”

Alex reached down and swatted her pussy.

“Oh,” she said, the sound more of a moan.

He hit the same spot again and her hips rose. Reaching back, he found the butt plug and pulled it almost out and then twisted it and pushed it back again. Her eyes widened and her breath quickened.

She groaned and the sound had him removing his clothes, shedding them faster than lightning. His hard cock sprang free and he moved between her legs.

“Oh, yes,” she cried, reaching for Alex, but Jesse grabbed her arms and raised them above her. There he held them while he stroked his cock. A pearl of moisture glistened on the end.

“No, honey, Alex is preparing you,” he said as he leaned down and kissed her.

While his lips covered hers and his hands held her arms over her head, Alex swatted her pussy again.

Gasping, she cried releasing his lips, “I’m going to come.”

“No, you’re not,” Alex said. “Not unless you want a real paddling.”

She whimpered again and he could tell she was fighting to keep it back. He kneeled between her parted legs and slammed his cock home. “Now you can come.”

With a scream, she raised her hips, the walls of her pussy clenching around him. He pounded her pussy, slamming in so deep, he could feel her womb. In just a few strokes, he spilled his seed into her and knew he would protect her with his life.

Mattie was their bride. And Edward could no longer harm her.

Breathing heavily, he crawled off her and Jesse took his place, but he wanted something different.

“On your knees,” he said.

She rolled over and climbed to her knees. The little minx looked back over her shoulder, almost daring him to come. She licked her pouty lips.

It was then Alex decided it was time. Time for her to experience swallowing his cock.

He took her head and pulled it toward his rapidly swelling cock. “Suck it, Mattie. Suck the head into your mouth and lick it clean.”

Jesse smiled at him and then he swatted her ass, just as she put her lips on the bulbous head of Alex’s cock. Her sweet mouth sucked on the end and he thought he had died and gone to heaven. He gave a little shove with his hips and she took more of his organ in her mouth.

“Oh, Mattie, that feels so good,” he cried.

Just then Jesse popped her ass again in a different spot and she cried out, the sound vibrating around his cock.

“Lass, you love having your ass beat,” Jesse said. “And I’m so glad, because I like seeing it turn pink.”

Immediately Jesse slid his hands over her folds, his fingers sliding through her slick heat.

“That’s it, lass, clench my fingers with your pussy. Soon it’s going to be my cock.”

With a nod, Jesse stood behind her, and pushed his cock into her waiting and so willing pussy. From the look on Jesse’s face, Alex could tell she was gripping his cock, giving him nothing but sweet friction.

Gripping her hips, Jesse began to pound into her pussy, driving his cock in as far as it would go while her lips were wrapped around Alex’s huge member.

With her tongue, she slid around the head and down the sides. He ran his hands into her hair and pulled her face closer. “You were born to suck cock. Excellent, Mattie, excellent. Look at me.”

Her sapphire eyes gazed up at him as she wrapped her lips around the head and sucked on the end of his cock and he thought he would die. “I’m going to come,” he warned. “And when I do, I want you to swallow it all. Every drop.”

Most of the time, he wanted his seed on her, in her, or spread over her lips, but today, he felt the urge to let Jesse mark her as their own. Because she was theirs.

Suddenly he could feel his climax rushing at him.

Gripping her head, he held her there, his cock deep in her throat as he shot one load of come after another. Her eyes grew wider and she gazed up at him as her throat convulsed around his cock.

“Good girl,” he whispered as he finished.

Jesse hit her on the ass, and she jumped and slid backward meeting him halfway.

“I’m going to come,” he said and pushed into her one final time, delivering a load of come while she moaned with pleasure.

Reaching down, he twisted the butt plug one more time and she screamed out her orgasm.

“Jesse,” she cried.

Grinning at Alex, he nodded, his breath coming in short gasps. “Well done. Well done.”

Alex smiled. He knew the moment he saw Mattie, that she was the one. And so far, she had proved it beyond a fault.

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10

JESSE

LATER THAT EVENING after they had finished the third round of fucking for the day, they lay in the big bed with Mattie sandwiched between them, cuddling.

It was not something Jesse would ever have dreamed of doing, but it felt right. Like this was where he belonged. And the way he felt about Mattie frightened him. Whenever he cared for someone too much, he overreacted in his need to protect them and it got him into trouble.

His Scottish temper was quick and dangerous.

Just like with Alex. Because of Jesse's overreaction to protecting a whore from her crazed boyfriend, Alex bore a long scar down his face. And Jesse was responsible for it being there.

If only he had not provoked the man into a fight, Alex would not have gotten hurt.

“Tell me about your families. We’ve talked about mine, but I know nothing about yours,” Mattie asked, running a finger down Alex’s chest and then down Jesse’s.

“Not much to tell,” Alex said. “Jesse and you are my family now. The rest are dead.”

There was a moment of silence and Jesse knew there was more to the story, but it was up to Alex to tell Mattie.

“You don’t have any brothers or sisters?”

“I had a sister. She was killed.”

Jesse licked his lips and waited for Alex to confess what happened to her but wasn’t sure he would. It had taken Alex years to get over the death of his sister. If Alex had gotten into the fight with Frank, the man wouldn’t be alive today. And Jesse knew that, so he had jumped in before Alex had the chance with Frank.

“My father was a drunk who drank up the profits from our ranch until a bull gored him. He couldn’t get out of the way, because he’d been drinking. My mother died of heartache after my sister and my father’s death.”

Alex had glossed over the pain his family had caused him. And Jesse had contributed to that pain when Alex had been scarred in that damn fight that haunted him.

“I’m so sorry,” she said and hugged Alex. “Jesse and I, we’re your family.”

“Yes, you are and soon, we’ll have a whole passel of children. And I promise you and Jesse that I don’t want the same family atmosphere that my family had.”

“What about you Jesse. Any family?”

“Most are back in Scotland. Parents can be wonderful, or they can be like living under a bad king. My mother was the best. My father told me repeatedly that I would not amount to anything. And I knew as long as I

lived under his roof, I wouldn't. So I hitched a ride to America and met Alex. We served in the Mohamir army and became close friends."

"He forgot to tell you that he has a temper that can get him into all kinds of trouble."

"Don't mess with my friends and family and you have no worries. But if you harm or threaten or act like a bully, I don't take well to your interference and have no scruples about showing you my displeasure."

His quick temper had gotten him in way too many fights and he worried that someday it would earn him a hanging. Especially if Edward and Frank tried to kidnap their wife. In the two days she had been here, already he could feel her worming her way into his heart.

Mattie laughed at him. "I've seen you in action when you're angry. All I can say is thank you for coming to my rescue that day. Though I never imagined it would come to this."

"You're welcome, lass, and you never have to fear that I would harm you. When I lose my temper, I may use my fists, but never on a woman. Sometimes, I feel like there is a savage beast inside me who longs to right the wrongs in this world and make it right, the only way I know how."

Mattie turned and kissed him on the cheek. She ran her hands down his face. "Whenever you feel that savage beast coming out, come to me and I will tame him."

Her words made him care for her even more and that terrified him. Years ago, he'd given his heart to a young woman and then her family married her off to a rival and he'd been crushed. It took him years to get over her and he never wanted to feel that kind of love again. And yet, Mattie belonged to him and Alex.

"Mattie, darling, if you keep touching me with such tenderness, my cock is going to get rock hard again."

She giggled. "That's why I think I can help you with that savage beast."

"What about you, Mattie? What was your family like?"

A sigh came from her. “When my real father was alive, it was wonderful. After he died, when I was twelve, mother was heartbroken. Two years later, she met Edward and he was charming. Finally, she agreed to marry him. After the ceremony when he and Frank moved in, the nightmare began. Edward thought my mother was in control of the money, but my father had put it in a trust. Quickly, he went through mother’s money and then he wanted mine. That’s when I realized I would not be safe from Frank.”

“Why did you stay?”

“About the time I understood what was going on, mother became sick. I couldn’t abandon her. If she had not insisted I go with you, I would still be there. And now I fear that Edward and Frank will come after me.”

“They may try, but don’t worry, lass, no one harms what’s mine,” Jesse said.

“Only if they want to die will they even try.”

She ran her hands down both of their cheeks. “Because of the two of you, I’ve been happier than I have been in years. Thank you. My only regret is not knowing if mother is all right.”

“Understandable,” Alex said. “But she warned us. She made us promise to take care of you and we will. She loved you enough to let you go when she knew it was for your safety.”

“And we’re glad she did,” Jesse said. “But lying here beside you has gotten my cock all hard again.”

He reached up and took her hand and laid it on his cock. “Lass, make me come.”

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11

JESSE

THE NEXT MORNING, Jesse awoke to the sound of pounding on their front door. Before dawn, he knew immediately something was wrong.

Jumping out of bed, he pulled his pants and a nearby shirt on.

“What’s wrong?” Alex asked sitting up groggily.

They had fucked until the wee hours of the morning. Their bride had not even stirred. Even now gazing down at her all sprawled naked on their bed, he wanted to crawl back in and awaken her to the feel of his cock thrusting in her sweet pussy.

“Someone’s at the door,” he said.

“Shit, it could be Frank and Edward,” Alex warned, jumping out of the bed and grabbing his pants.

Jesse hurried out of the room. “Coming.”

As he ran down the stairs, he realized the sun had just peeked over the eastern sky and he wondered what was wrong so early in the morning.

Before Jesse opened the door, he glanced out the window and stared, stunned. “Son of a bitch.”

He yanked open the door. Ian and Whitmore stood before him surrounded by men.

“Good morning, Jesse.”

“What happened?”

“Don’t rightly know. We woke up and found this in your yard this morning. Thought you needed to know.”

Three dead bovines littered the area. Flies buzzed around their stiff bodies in the morning warm air. All had been shot with a bow and arrow. Quieter than a gun, but how had he not heard the cows being moved into the yard.

“We also found this on one of the bodies,” Ian said.

Jesse took the note from him and read it. Anger raged through him and he had to take a moment to remain calm.

“What’s going on?” Alex said, rushing up to the door without a shirt on.

His face went white when he saw the dead cattle. “That son of a bitch is dead.”

“Read this,” Jesse said and handed the note to Alex.

“Bring her back or your herd is dead.”

“Let’s go. That son of a bitch is going to die,” Alex said. “I’m done wasting time with them. It’s over.”

It was weird, but for once, Jesse was the calming influence, not Alex. But for some reason, he knew that Frank and Edward were trying to bait them into going to town. And if they went into town, he feared they would take Mattie.

“No, we’re staying here. If they want us, they have to come and get us. If we go into town, Mattie will be in danger.”

Alex frowned and shook his head. “They killed our cattle.”

“I’m guessing they have a ready-made alibi to deny they were the ones.”

“You’re not making any sense. We protect what is ours. No one gets away with shit like this.”

Alex was ready to take on the killers which worried him. “Yes, we do, but at this moment, they’re trying to bait us,” Jesse said. “Let’s pause for a moment and think of a plan.”

Alex shook his head. “Boy, not even a week of marriage and already our bride has tamed the savage beast in you.”

There was no way he would admit that Mattie did have a calming influence on him. Right now, his rage was like a simmering fire. When the time was right, those sons of bitches wouldn’t be breathing much longer.

“Hardly,” Jesse said.

They heard a gasp behind them.

“No,” Mattie cried. “What happened?”

Their bride stood behind them dressed in a pair of Alex’s pants and a shirt of Jesse’s. Evidently she’d tried to find some clothes and all she could find were theirs.

It was disobedience for her to be wearing clothes. That would earn her a well-deserved spanking, later.

“Did Edward and Frank do this?”

“Yes,” Jesse said. “Go back to bed, Mattie.”

There was a slight hesitation as she gazed out at the dead animals. “They are going to do everything to get me to return.”

They would try, but Jesse had no doubt it would never work. Already his hands were drawing into fists. They were going to regret killing their cattle.

Mattie stood in the door with her hands on her hips, giving the men of Bridgewater a sight in the pants and shirt. “I think we should deliver the cows to their store. Leave them on their doorstep.”

The men standing outside chuckled.

That wasn't a half bad idea. Put them outside and pin the note on the cows with a return message. *Come back and you die.* But first he had to deal with the insurrection at home.

Somehow his wife had gotten the idea that she could control them. Wrong. In their home, Alex and Jesse were the ones who made the decisions.

"Mattie, go back upstairs, remove your clothes and wait for us," Jesse told her.

Her sapphire eyes widened and she realized she'd broken a rule.

"We'll be up after we finish talking to these men," Alex said as he glanced at Jesse. "And you will be punished."

Oh, yes, they were in agreement, the woman had disobeyed them and now she had to be punished. Punish first and enjoy later.

Mattie turned and walked up the stairs, but Jesse could tell she was angry.

"You know I kind of like the idea of taking the cattle into town and leaving them on their doorstep along with a bill."

The men all laughed.

"It would be one way to retaliate. Stinking dead cattle."

"Give us an hour and we'll be ready to go. We'll put a tarp in the back of the wagon and then place the dead calves back there," Alex said.

"What about Mattie," Jesse asked. "We're not leaving her alone."

"No, I was thinking that she could spend the afternoon with Emma, Ian, and Whitmore. You're right, we can't leave her alone. Frank will come after her."

"Emma would love the company. Do you need any help?"

"Just watch over Mattie until we return. Oh, and we'll take turns watching the cattle at night," Alex said.

The men walked away and Alex and Jesse closed the door.

“The little minx disobeyed us,” Jesse said, gazing at his friend. The man had certainly thrown his clothes on.

“Yes, but I did like her idea of dropping off the dead cows on Edward’s doorstep. She can be cunning, that’s for certain. So whose turn is it to place her over his knee?”

The memory of spanking Mattie’s ass made his cock rise to attention. Not that it needed much these days. But the thought of seeing their wife with her ass pink, her pussy lips swollen with desire, was enough for him to start heading up the stairs.

“You get the honor,” Jesse said, thinking as much as he enjoyed making her ass turn pink, he liked watching even more.

“Let’s do this,” Alex said, taking the stairs two at a time.

When they walked in the door, the sight of Mattie naked, lying face down on their bed, her ass up in the air, had them both turning rock hard.

“You learn fast, wife,” Jesse said.

“Or maybe you enjoy this just a little too much,” Alex replied running his hand down her smooth cheeks. Slowly he removed the butt plug, but not before he gave it a little twist, his fingers sliding across her slick folds.

“She’s wet,” he said when he looked at Jesse.

“Should we make her wait?”

The thought of putting off spanking their wife was too much. They would be gone all day and then tonight, one of them would have to help guard the cattle. No, this might be their only chance to fuck their wife today.

“No,” Jesse said in a decisive manner. “Mattie, stay in the same position, but turn and face me.”

While she received her spanking, she could concentrate on his cock. Last night Alex started her training on sucking. Today, Jesse would give her a second lesson.

Both men slowly removed their clothes, their cocks springing from their pants.

Stroking his cock, he had her line up her mouth with it. “Suck, Mattie, suck.”

Gazing up at him, her big sapphire eyes stared at him as she took his long, hard dick in her mouth. Slowly she began to lick the head and then suddenly Alex popped her on the ass.

“What are you supposed to do for the next week?”

With her tongue, she slid it up his cock, then said, “In our home, never wear clothes.”

Smack!

She grunted and took his cock in her mouth again.

“Does that include our clothes?”

Removing her mouth from his cock, she glanced back over her shoulder.

“Yes, sir,” she said.

Smack!

“Are you going to remain naked in our home from now on?”

Smack!

Her ass was a delicious color of pink with his handprints showing where he’d paddled her.

She took a deep breath. “Yes.”

This time, he rubbed his hand over her smooth cheeks, before he struck her again.

Smack!

Jesse watched as Alex rotated between her cheeks, his fingers trailing along her clit every time he hit her.

Smack!

“Four more and then you’re going to suck Jesse’s cock until he comes,” Alex told her. “Count with me.”

“Four,” she said, moaning on his cock.

Smack!

“Three,” she said, her breathing suddenly changing becoming quicker. “Please, Alex.”

Smack!

“Two,” she groaned. “Can I please come?”

“Not yet,” he told her.

Smack!

“One,” she said, her face tightening not with pain but with pleasure as she tried to control her orgasm.

“Last one,” he said. “Then I’ll let you come.”

“Hurry,” she whispered.

Smack!

Alex shoved his fingers inside her and she screamed her orgasm, pleasure flowing through her.

But they didn’t give her any rest. Alex rubbed her bright pink cheeks, his hands caressing her lovingly. Then he shoved his dick inside her.

“Oh,” she cried.

Still on the edge, Jesse took his cock and rubbed it across her lips. Her eyes opened and she stared up at him, opening her mouth. Slowly he pressed into her mouth, loving the feel of her lips around his hard cock.

Gripping her head, he eased his way farther into her mouth, knowing he wouldn’t last long. She gazed up at him, her tongue running along the underside while sucking on the bulbous head.

“Oh, that’s it, lass,” he said, groaning as she tightened her mouth around him.

Pushing her even farther, he felt the back of her throat, feeling the tightening in his balls, knowing it was only a matter of time.

“Oh, Mattie, lass, swallow every last loving drop.”

A surge in his balls let him know it was seconds before he filled her mouth with his cum.

Jesse felt the cum splatter against the back of her throat and he held her tightly against him. Her sapphire eyes were wide as she gazed at him. When he finished, he let his cock slowly slide from her mouth and she licked her lips.

“Good job, Mattie, good job.”

Leaning down, he kissed her on the mouth, his fingers searching until he found her nipples. Twisting them, he felt her body tense.

When he released her lips, she glanced back at Alex, who had been pounding into her pussy.

He slapped her buttocks with his hand, but it was more of a gentle swat than the ones he’d given her earlier. This time, his fingers found her anus and he circled the rim before he slid one finger in and then two.

She moaned as he watched her clench her cheeks.

“Mattie, I’m going to come,” Alex said as his fingers slid in and out of her puckered hole. “Come with me.”

“Fuck me,” she cried as her body tensed.

Jesse lifted her head and stared in her eyes as desire overwhelmed and crested within her. Gazing into her eyes, he felt such a rush of passion for this woman that it terrified him. After what happened in Scotland, he planned to never fall in love again. And yet here he was with a woman who he couldn’t keep his heart locked to.

What the hell? Was he falling in love with her?

Alex tensed and slammed into her one more time, his cock spasming as he fell onto her back.

For a few moments, no one said anything as they all collapsed together onto the bed.

They curled around Mattie, shielding her with their bodies.

“Woman, if you’re not pregnant, something’s wrong,” Alex said. “The way we’ve been fucking, one of us must have planted a seed in your womb.”

She reached out and ran her fingers down his face. “I hope so.”

Jesse didn’t say anything. It wasn’t that he didn’t want children. He did, but he feared so much. How could he keep from giving her his heart?

Now it seemed rather naive to think he could have a bride and not love her. It seemed rather daft of him and yet he knew that when you loved someone, and they died, it hurt. Even family members. And a wife would devastate him.

“We’ve got bad news,” he said. “Frank and Edward they want you back.”

Her eyes widened and filled with fear, she reached out and laid a hand on his chest. “You’re not taking me back, are you?”

“No,” he said, stunned she would even consider for a moment they would return her. “You’re our wife.”

There was no way as long as he was breathing that Edward or Frank would ever get Mattie back.

“But we are going to take the cattle to them and do what you suggested. We’re going to dump them on the front door of their shop.”

She started to giggle. “That should make Edward go crazy.”

Turning toward Jesse, she wrapped her arms around him, hugging him to her. Why did such a simple act seem to make his heart swell with an emotion he was doing his best not to acknowledge.

“The rest of the day, you are to stay with Emma and her men. You are not to leave their house, do you understand?”

“If you do, you won’t be able to sit on that red backside of yours.”

She gazed at him, her sapphire eyes filling with tears.

“Why can’t I go with you? We could go by and see my mother.”

Alex rubbed her back. “Honey, I know you would love to see her one more time, but it’s too dangerous. If she’s still alive, once this is settled, we’ll take you to visit her.”

A heavy sigh came from their bride. “Why can’t I stay here in the house?”

The woman was testing him today. Did she not understand they were worried about her safety?

“Because we want you safe. You are to stay with Emma until we come to get you. Do you understand?”

“Oh, all right. I’ll do what you say, but I don’t have to like it.”

“You are really testing us today,” Jesse said. “Don’t disobey.”

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12

MATTIE

MATTIE REALLY LIKED Emma and she enjoyed her husband Ian and their infant. Watching them with the child made her ache for a baby. Someone with Alex's beautiful eyes and Jesse's strong chin and dark hair.

Even now she could be expecting and she couldn't wait until she could tell her men they were going to have a family of their own.

"So how are you doing?" Emma asked.

She smiled. When she married her men, she wasn't certain how her life would turn out. But now she knew and the only regret she had was leaving her mother.

"This is not what I expected when I married, but I must say, I like it."

"Good," Emma said. "It's different, but we have so much to be grateful for. Loving husbands and soon I'm sure those two handsome men of yours will gift you with a child."

The very thought made her heart warm. They had only been married three days, and yet already when she glanced at her handsome strong men,

her heart skipped a beat and warmth gathered in her chest. Could she be falling in love with them?

“I hope so.”

“Have they both taken you at the same time?” Emma asked.

It was a rather personal question, but Mattie wasn’t ashamed and she felt like it was natural to discuss such subjects here in this safe place.

“Not yet. I’ve been wearing a plug,” she said, thinking about the bigger one they inserted in her before they left, completely filling her. They promised her that soon they would both claim her at the same time. And she could hardly wait.

Emma shook her head. “Oh, I remember those awful things. A man is much better. You are going to love it when your men claim you together for the first time.”

Emma had been so warm and friendly and accepting of Mattie. And she loved the way she made her feel at ease.

“Thanks for reassuring me and making me feel like I belong here. My only concern is my mother. I worry she isn’t receiving the care she needs or that she might not even be alive.”

Emma nodded. “You were blessed to have your mother for as long as you did. My stepbrother sold me to a house of prostitution. Ian and Whitmore bought me before the auction.”

“Oh my,” Mattie said, gazing at her friend. “You are very lucky.”

Being sold to a house of prostitution? A shiver rippled through her.

“Yes, and now look at my life. Two loving husbands and a baby. Your life will soon be full.”

Mattie couldn’t imagine the hell this woman must have gone through. Standing, Mattie walked over to the crib where the baby lay sleeping. “So precious. I can’t wait until we have our own family.”

“Babies do have a way of interrupting the time you get to spend with your men. So enjoy them while you can.”

“I will. How long have you known Jesse and Alex? Can you tell me anything about Alex’s sister?”

Emma shook her head. “They arrived about two years ago. Jesse has a quick temper, that got him into trouble. But since you’ve been here, he’s calmed down. Ian was telling me he convinced Alex not to go after the men. Usually, it’s Alex that calms him down. You’ve been good for him. And poor Alex, the man was so devilishly handsome and then the accident at the bar. He was injured saving Jesse.”

This part of the story the men had not told her. But why? Why had Alex and Jesse not been honest with her?

“Ever since that accident, Jesse withdrew more into himself. If he had not gotten into that fight, Alex would not have been injured. Have they not told you this?”

“No,” Mattie said biting her lip. “Last night, we did talk about our families, but nothing was said about an accident. I should have asked, but…”

A smile crossed her friend’s face. “I understand. They are randy men, just like mine who keep us well satisfied and on our backs giving them pleasure. Any day now, I expect to be pregnant again.”

The baby started to cry and Emma went to the cradle and picked him up. “Oh, sweetie you need a change and I’m certain you’re hungry.”

She cooed to the baby while she changed him and then she opened her blouse and put him to her breast. Gazing down at him, Mattie could see the love between the mother and child. The baby raised his hands to try to touch his mother’s face.

“He’s getting so big,” she said, gazing down at her son.

This was what Mattie wanted. A baby created together with her handsome men.

Someone pounded on the door and Emma turned to gaze at Mattie. “Could you get that for me? I don’t know who would be coming to visit,

unless it’s one of the ladies.”

“Sure,” Mattie said.

She hurried through the house to the front door. When she opened it, a young man gazed at her. “Are you Mattie Byrne?”

“Yes.”

“This message is for you. I’m to wait until after you read it and then accompany you to town.”

Had something happened to one of her men? She ripped open the seal and stared in disbelief at the words.

Mattie,

Your mother doesn’t have long. Jesse and I are waiting for you at your home. This young man will escort you to the house. Hurry. Alex.

Her men went to town to put dead calves on the doorstep of her stepfather’s store. Why would they be at her home? Unless, they had learned her mother was at death’s door.

“Just a minute,” she said as she hurried into the house.

“Emma, I just received a message from Alex. My mother is dying and I’m to join him at my old home.”

“I’m so, so sorry. At least now, she will no longer be in pain. But it seems strange that they would allow you to travel alone. Are you certain that the note is from Alex?”

“A young man is waiting to escort me,” she said.

It did seem odd since they had told her not to leave the house. But her mother was dying. She had to get to her side. One last chance to say goodbye.

“Be careful, Mattie,” Emma told her. “I’m shocked that your men are at your old home. But then again, it could be that your stepfather and stepbrother are in jail.”

“Yes, they probably are. My men would make sure of it. I just want to see my mother one more time.”

“Go but be careful.”

“Bye, Emma,” she said as she hurried out the door.

Thirty minutes later, Emma’s husbands walked in the door. “Where’s Mattie?” Ian asked, looking around.

“She received a message from Alex saying that her mother was dying and that they were waiting for her at her home. They sent a young man to escort her.”

Her husbands looked at each other. “No, they wouldn’t let any other person escort her. Something’s wrong. She was to stay here and we were to protect her until Alex and Jesse came home. Let’s go.”

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13

MATTIE

SHE SHOULD HAVE BEEN suspicious when she saw the horse was saddled and waiting for her, but she just thought that her men sent her a ride. She should have been suspicious when he called her Miss Byrne, but she wasn't used to her married name yet.

Thirty minutes out of Bridgewater, the truth came out.

It was a trap and she'd fallen for it.

Frank came riding toward her and she was terrified. She turned her horse and kicked the sides to race back to Bridgewater, but he had too much of a head start on her. Riding up beside her, he grabbed the bridle of her horse and pulled him to a stop.

"Hello, Mattie. Where is your husband?"

She glanced around for the boy who had brought her the note and saw him riding off at a fast pace in the distance. She'd been tricked.

Sometimes it was better not to say anything. So she just stared at him.

"They have the town quite stirred up over some dead cows."

That had been her idea and somehow it seemed to have come back to haunt her. Her men were away in town and she'd fallen for a fake note. How stupid could she be and now Jesse and Alex would be so angry at her for disobeying them.

"Is mother all right?"

"Your mother died hours after you left. She's already in the ground."

Pain stabbed her heart and tears welled up in her eyes. Her mother had died alone and she didn't deserve that.

"Oh, don't get all teary eyed. Papa said no one heard her screams. She went peacefully with a pillow over her head."

Dear God, they had killed her. She should never have left her. While she knew Edward and Frank were heartless, she never believed they would murder her mother.

"You bastard," she said glaring at him. "She was dying. Why couldn't you let her die in peace?"

Frank's face took on an ugly scowl and he glared at her, though lust lurked in the shadows of his eyes. He'd always wanted her and now she understand what he wanted to do to her. Now she understood that she would die rather than let him touch her the way her men did.

"Because the bitch gave you away to total strangers. But don't worry, I'm here to rescue you from a depraved life of horror. Of course, Papa is working on getting your husbands killed right now, so don't be looking for them to come rescue you anytime soon. Because they're going to be in the same grave he dug for your mother."

A sob escaped from Mattie. Somehow she had to hold onto hope that her big, strong men were capable of taking care of themselves. That they had not walked into a trap like she had. Somehow she had to kill Frank.

"Come on, let's get going. We're going back to the house where you belong. You're not going anywhere, unless you, too, want to join the dead

in the graveyard in the back. I bet we could find a spot for you there. But first, we have to marry."

So basically, the man was already telling her that after they wed, she'd be as good as dead. What better way to spend her inheritance than without her objections? It was a decent plan as long as they killed Alex and Jesse.

But her men were strong and she trusted them to find her. They had promised to protect her, and right now, she was needing their protection.

The sun was on a slow descent in the western sky and she knew that if they didn't find her before dark, she would be in serious trouble.

Frank took her reins and tied them to his saddle horn. "Can't have you getting away."

He turned his horse and hers followed his as they began to trot back across the meadows taking her farther and farther from Bridgewater. Taking her farther from the life she had come to love.

Please, she prayed, *let Alex and Jesse realize that something is wrong.* Let her pleas spread across the universe to them.

Tears ran down her cheeks and she reached up and swiped them away. When Frank wasn't looking, she went through the saddle bags, looking for a weapon, anything to maim him.

"You know, sweetheart, I'm sure you're no longer a virgin. I've heard terrible stories about Bridgewater. Did they share you with other men? I've heard they trade women like they barter for cattle."

"Shut up, Frank. You don't know what you're talking about."

"Oh, so you liked it then. I'll have to remember that."

Whatever she said to him would only be used against her. She had to look for any kind of chance to escape.

"You know I'm tempted to stop and take you right here. Just the two of us. No one to interfere with me taking what's mine. They were wrong to interrupt us. I know you were just waiting to feel my cock up your young pussy."

If only she could keep from hearing his horrible words. It was then she remembered how much he hated hearing anyone sing. She began to hum a song, she knew. Then the words formed and she began to sing.

“Shut up, Mattie. You know I don’t like music.”

She kept singing, knowing she had to push him to the edge before she could get him to stop.

“Mattie, I’m only going to ask you one more time.”

“I’ll stop singing if you’ll stop talking about fucking me. Because I’d rather die than feel your cock in me. My husband is on his way even now to find and rescue me from you again. Only this time, he’s not going to be as gentle.”

She began to sing once again. Anything to keep him from talking about how he planned on taking her.

“All right, I won’t say anything else about what I have planned for you. But know this, I will use you, marry you, and then my father can get his hands on your inheritance.”

“Oh, you’re not going to get any of my money?”

There was silence.

“Seems to me, you’re the one who is planning on marrying me. It should all be yours and not your father’s. You never could stand up to your father. Always willing to do his bidding, whether it was in your interest or not.”

There was silence.

“Just shut up, Mattie. We have another hour before we’re home. Be thinking about all the ways I’m going to fuck you.”

As the scenery rolled by, all she could think about was how she would retaliate for her mother’s murder. How she would fight Frank.

And if he killed her men, she would kill him. Because there was no way that Frank and Edward were going to win. She had found happiness and she would not let them destroy it.

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14

ALEX

ALEX COULDN'T WAIT to get home to their bride. They had been gone all day and after the events of last night, he wanted Mattie.

Jesse gave a chuckle. "I can't wait to tell Mattie about how Edward blew up when he found three dead, stinking cattle on his doorstep."

"His customers could not enter the store without stepping over the rotting carcasses."

"And the stench," Jesse shook his head. "Buzzards on Main Street."

Alex sighed. "Sadly, I don't think that's going to deter him. The man is just stupid enough to try something new."

For the next mile, they rode along in silence, their bodies swaying to the rhythm of the wagon. Empty of dead animals, they paid a kid in the livery stable to clean out the mess. Now they couldn't wait to return home. To their bride.

Alex who sat beside Jesse suddenly sat up. Is that Ian and Whitmore?"

"Looks like them. Something's wrong."

Jesse pulled the wagon to a halt. “Fuck. We didn’t see Frank in town.”

“Don’t be jumping to conclusions,” Alex said, but his stomach tightened with nerves.

Ian and Whitmore rode up to them. Whitmore shook his head. “Thank goodness we found you.”

“Mattie received this message while I was out in the barn,” he said and handed the note to Jesse. Alex peered over his shoulder.

“Son of a bitch. Who brought her this message?”

“Some kid. He was probably hired to do the job,” Ian said.

“I’m going to kill him,” Jesse said, his rage exploding.

“Calm down, Jesse, it’s a trap. The plan is to draw us there and then kill us. We’ve got to outsmart them.”

Jesse’s face flushed red with rage and Alex just wanted to beat them.

At least Alex knew where they’d taken Mattie. But had they kept her there? And if that scumbag Frank touched her, he would make certain his death was slow and painful.

Quickly, they climbed down from the wagon.

“Can we trade horses? You can take the wagon back. We’re going after Mattie.”

“Of course,” Whitmore said.

The man sighed. “Be careful. That Frank is a sly one.”

“No worries,” Jesse said. “He’s a dead man.”

Quickly they switched horses. With a kick to the side of their fresh mounts, they took off, eager to find Frank and dash his hopes of marrying Mattie once and for all. There was no turning back. She was theirs.

It took nearly an hour to reach her former home. Her place now was with them. They stopped at the bottom of the hill and gazed at the house. Close to dark, no lights were on. There was no movement at the house and yet he felt certain she was there. Being held against her will.

“He’ll be expecting us at the front door,” Jesse said, gazing at the house.

“Look up there at the window, there’s movement. He’s just waiting for us to ride in and he’ll pick us off one by one.”

“Where’s Edward hiding out?”

They sat watching the house for another thirty minutes. “I’m tired of waiting. Let’s go get our woman.”

Just then a wagon came rolling into the yard. “It’s Edward and who is that with him?”

“Son of a bitch, he brought the judge. Look, the man’s hands are tied. As soon as we’re dead, he’s going to marry Mattie to Frank.”

As Alex stared, his fists clenched, his chest was ready to explode with the rage that consumed him. “Let’s wait until he gets inside the house with the judge, then we’ll sneak around to the back of the house. Once I’m in position, then you come around the side of the house to the front door. By coming around the house, he won’t be able to see you.”

Jesse smiled. “We come at them from both doors. I’ll knock real polite like and then pound them.”

“And I’ll surprise them from the back.”

They waited another thirty minutes before they walked through the trees and around to the back door of the house. When they reached the rear, Alex peered in through a window.

“The judge is all tied up and they’re just waiting for us. I don’t see Mattie.”

“If they’ve hurt her, I will take great delight in slicing the skin from them slowly.”

Alex glanced up at him. “You’ve got five minutes to get into place. As soon as I see them walking toward the front door, I’m kicking in this door, guns blazing. Don’t get shot.”

“See you on the other side.”

“One more thing…Frank’s got a shotgun. I expect him to fire through the door. So be careful.”

Jesse grinned. “No way. I can’t wait to feel his flesh beneath my fists.”

Bending below the window sash, he scurried around the house. Alex watched as Frank and his father stood in the living room, talking. Edward back handed the judge who was tied to a chair. He couldn’t hear what he was saying, but realized the man was objecting to something Edward said.

Where was Mattie?

Suddenly the men’s attention focused on the entryway and Alex heard Jesse pounding on the door. Frank grabbed his shotgun and fired shells at the closed door. Smoke drifted from the holes revealing darkness through the door.

Edward and Frank glanced at one another and then Frank slowly approached the door. Jesse slammed the door open and ran at Frank like a battering ram. He knocked the shotgun to the ground and Alex kicked the back door in.

Edward’s eyes widened when he saw Alex running at him. He picked up a gun, but before he could level it at him, a well-aimed cast iron skillet came flying from the kitchen and smacked him on the side of the head, knocking him out cold.

It was Mattie. A sense of relief flooded through him. He’d been so afraid they would never see her again. And their bride was madder than a swarm of hornets. Before he could get to Jesse and Frank, she picked up the pan and ran toward them.

“No one harms my husbands. No one.”

He did his best to reach her and calm her down and get her out of the way, but before he could, she hit Frank upside the head with the heavy skillet.

The man toppled to the ground. Then she kicked him.

“Kill him, Jesse. Kill him.”

Alex smiled and Jesse stared at Mattie, a grin on his face. “Woman, you’re dangerous with a skillet in your hand. No, I’m not going to kill him,

though it’s tempting. We’re going to tie them up, and then take the judge along with Edward and Frank to the sheriff.”

“They killed Momma,” she said, a tear slipping down her face. “Frank told me Edward suffocated her with a pillow.”

Both Alex and Jesse moved toward her and wrapped their arms around her. They had found their woman, their bride, and Alex would never let her go. They hugged her to their chests.

Suddenly the judge started making a nervous noise through the rag in his mouth. Alex whirled around and saw Edward had come to. An ugly grin spread across his face as he lifted a gun and pointed it at Mattie. “No one gets your money but me.”

Jesse shoved Alex and Mattie just as the old man pulled the trigger. The bullet hit him in the shoulder, knocking him to the ground. Alex pulled out his six shooter and a bullet slammed into the older bastard’s chest. Killing him instantly.

His body dropped to the ground.

“Jesse,” Mattie screamed and ran to his side.

He stared up at his wife and smiled. “Now, I know how Alex felt when he saved me from death. Oh, Mattie, lass, I told you I would protect you with my life.”

“You’re not going to die. You can’t leave me.”

Blood poured from his shoulder and Mattie ran to the kitchen where she found a dish towel. She rushed back and placed it against the wound to stem the flow of blood.

Alex stood over him and shook his head. “Always have to outdo me. And no, you better not die. Because we have a good life that we’ve worked hard for. Now I’m going to go tie up Frank in case he comes to.”

After Alex bound Frank, he untied the judge.

By this time, Mattie had determined that Jesse’s wound was only superficial. She didn’t even think he needed to see a doctor. The bullet had

grazed a path along the top of his shoulder, taking the skin with it. While he would be sore for a few days, Alex felt certain that his cock was still in good working order. And they both couldn't wait to get home and let their wife know how they felt about her leaving.

It was dark when they all piled into the wagon Edward had brought the judge in. This time, the body of Edward was in the back. Frank's feet and wrists were tied and a handkerchief was shoved in his mouth.

Mattie turned and glanced at her home one last time as they pulled out of the yard.

"Don't worry, lass, we'll come back."

"I know, it's just I have so many good and bad memories here."

Thirty minutes later, they reached the sheriff's office. The judge explained what he'd seen and how Edward and Frank planned to force him to marry Mattie and Frank. Edward's body was taken to the pauper's cemetery and Frank took up residence in jail.

Alex had never been so glad when they were finally able to make the long trip home.

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15

JESSE

EXHAUSTED, they arrived home after midnight. While Alex unhitched the wagon and put the horses in the barn, Jesse and Mattie went into the house.

He sank down onto a chair at the kitchen table and gingerly removed his shirt.

“Let me clean that wound. I still think we should have had the doctor look at it.”

There was no way that Jesse was going to waste more time at the doctor’s office. It was superficial and he would live. He’d survived worse bullet holes than this one.

“Come here, lass,” he said. He pulled her onto his lap and gazed into her sapphire eyes.

“Why did you disobey us? Didn’t we tell you to stay here?”

“Yes, but the note said it was from Alex. That you were waiting on me and I thought you wanted me to come to you.”

While he understood she had been misled, she should have known better. It showed they had not instilled in her that she was to obey them at all times. If someone could fool her so easily, she was in danger.

“You’re under our protection. We would never have you ride with a stranger, even to Butte. We will always come and get you.”

When he’d learned that she left, he’d been so angry, but he could understand her reasoning. But that didn’t mean she would not be punished.

“You’ll be spanked and this time, it will be a little harder than the ones you enjoy. So think on that while we wait for Alex to return.”

She bit her bottom lip. “But I thought I was doing what you wanted.”

A well-deserved spanking would help her remember their word was law.

“Always remember, we would never entrust you to a stranger, a kid. Either Alex or I will accompany you wherever you go. You’re in our protection.”

With a sigh, she stood and went to the sink where she gathered her supplies. When she returned, she took the washcloth and gently bathed his wound, cleaning it. “You were so lucky.”

He reached his hand under her skirt and let his fingers run over the inside of her thigh. “You’re my good luck charm.”

“Tell me what you meant when we were back in the house. What did you mean when you said you knew how Alex felt?”

Maybe it was time, she knew how he’d let down his friend. It ate at him and yet he didn’t know how to repair the damage. If there was any way he could fix the horrible misjustice done to his friend, he would. All because of his temper.

Running his hand over her naked skin, he sighed.

“You know I have a terrible temper and that I protect those I care about. The reason I had to leave Scotland was because I injured someone. A laird’s

son, who could do no wrong. I witnessed him abusing a man and I had to stop him. After that fight, I had to leave my family behind."

Not only had the laird's son beat a man, but he'd stolen the girl Jesse loved. But if that's the type of man she wanted, then she wasn't the girl for him.

She rubbed her hand along his face. "Oh, Jesse, I'm so sorry."

"Since then I've been filled with anger. In Bozeman, Alex and I were in bed with a prostitute when in walked her supposed outlaw boyfriend. Words were said and the boyfriend was going to beat the woman. I took exception to his handling of his woman.

"The next thing I know, I'm fighting this asshole when the woman drew a knife. Whether her intention was to kill me or her boyfriend, we'll never know. But Alex saved me. When he grabbed the woman's hand, she drew the knife up and slashed his cheek. Because of me, he will forever wear a scar. And it pains me that because of my temper, my friend was injured."

While Jesse talked, Alex had come in from outside.

He walked up beside Jesse. "Jesse, it's not your fault. I would do it all over again to save your life. The woman was crazy and I'm just sorry that we chose her that night. The man dishonored her, and I was putting my pants on to join in the fight when she decided to attack you. Please, the scar makes my boyish good looks appear rugged."

Mattie pulled Alex into her arms and tried to wrap her other arm around Jesse. "You're my handsome men and you both make me so very happy. I'm so fortunate you came into my life. Jesse is my strong, silent type who with one look makes me wet and Alex you make me laugh and I love the way fill me. I've never known life could be this way and I'm so happy."

Warmth filled Jesse. "What did you learn today?"

"That no matter what, I am not to leave when you tell me to stay, even when some idiot comes with a message. You will come to get me. I'm to obey you orders explicitly."

“That’s right,” Alex said. “But that still doesn’t mean you’re not going to be punished.”

“She knows,” Jesse said.

“Then why is she still wearing clothes,” Alex asked.

“Let me finish patching Jesse’s shoulder and then we’ll go upstairs.”

His shoulder was fine, but he did enjoy her fussing over him. The feel of her hands tenderly soothing and touching him. His heart swelled and he realized he could no longer fight his feelings. He loved Mattie. She was their bride. Their perfect bride.

She reached for the jar of salve and he couldn’t wait to spread his wife’s legs. Since they’d gotten home, his cock had swelled, knowing exactly where it longed to be.

She cut a long piece of cotton material and began to wrap it around his shoulder. Unable to resist any longer, he let his digits glide over her clit which he rolled between his fingers. Her eyes widened as she finished wrapping his shoulder, he pulled her down onto his lap.

Alex reached for the buttons on the back of her dress. In no time, he had her completely undone and then lifted the dress over her head, tossing it aside.

Jesse continued to fondle her clit and he could see the passion darkening her eyes. “Lass, I think it’s time we took this upstairs.”

“Are you still going to spank me?”

“Hell, yes,” Alex replied. “We thought we had lost you forever. You deserve to be punished.”

With a sigh, Mattie stood. “My intentions were good. Let’s get this over with.”

Jesse smiled as she turned and walked naked up the stairs to the bedroom, her ass cheeks tempting as they swayed with her body, his cock standing at attention.

“Tonight, we take her together,” Alex said. “I think she’s ready.”

“Damn, I know I am.”

They both ran up the stairs after her.

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16

ALEX

ALEX HURRIED UP THE STAIRS. Yes, they had been so angry when Ian and Whitmore told them she had gone to her mother's house. But she had been fooled by Frank. Still, they almost lost her and that's what frightened him the most.

When he reached the top of the stairs, he hurried into their bedroom and began to remove his clothes. Mattie lay in position on top of the bed, her face in the sheets, her ass sticking up in the air. Oh no, she was too prepared.

"Roll over and face us," Alex said. He wanted her to experience some discomfort just like he'd experienced pure terror at the thought of her alone with Frank and Edward in her mother's house.

The memory of not being able to find her when they looked in the house scared him.

"We were frightened they would harm you," Jesse said, pulling his shirt from his pants. He sank down in the chair and began to remove his boots.

Then he removed his pants, his big cock jutting out in front of him.

“We were afraid after they harmed you, they would kill you,” Alex said, removing his boots and then his pants.

He walked over to the dresser where he selected a larger plug from the wooden box and a jar of ointment. “I want to see you work this plug into your ass. Afterward, I’m going to spank you and you are not allowed to come.”

She tilted her blonde curls in one direction. “This is not fair. I thought I was doing what you wanted.”

Maybe so, but the fright she’d given them warranted punishment. Nothing would have happened tonight if she’d stayed in Bridgewater where she belonged.

“What we wanted, lass, was for you to stay here and wait for us,” Jesse said, stroking his cock.

Alex walked back to the bed and stared down at his beautiful wife, her pussy beckoned him. The thought of plunging his long hard dick into her was tempting, but his pleasure would have to wait.

“Mattie, you enjoy us spanking you and you have done well with us sticking a plug in your ass. Don’t pretend you’re not going to enjoy your punishment.”

What she didn’t know was that because he’d been terrified, her spanking would be a little harder tonight. She had to understand that they knew what was best for her.

Her eyes narrowed as she stared at him. “But you’re not going to let me come and I was following orders.”

“No, you weren’t. And if you continue to argue with us, your punishment will sting even more and last longer.”

The woman had such a stubborn streak. Even tonight, she’d shown her spunky side when she’d hit Frank and Edward with a frying pan.

She licked her lips and sighed. “All right.”

Tonight was going to be a punishment for all of them, because right now, he wanted to slam her against the wall and take her hard and demanding. But instead, he was trying to make certain she was ready for them both to fuck her. To take it nice and slow when all he wanted to do was plunge his cock into her.

“Once we think you’re ready, we’re going to claim you, together. Jesse will take your pussy and me your ass.”

Pursing her lips, she glanced between them and then took the plug. Jesse handed her the lube and watched as she greased up the end. She placed the object between her legs but paused.

“I know you’re angry with me, but I like the fact that you’re in control. I like what we do together. I like it when you spank me, but not when you’re angry.”

“Do you agree that you deserved to be punished?” Jesse asked her.

She bit her bottom lip. “Yes and no. I should have waited for you. But I believed the note was from Alex.”

Alex and Jesse glanced at each other and Alex knew that they would not be too hard on her. Just hard enough to make her realize their own pain.

“Put it in,” Alex told her, placing a hand on her knee, she dropped her legs open wide. The sight of her wet, glistening pussy was almost more than he could bare. Her folds were shiny and slick and the urge to climb on the bed and sink into her was overwhelming.

Slowly, she inched the plug in, breathing deeply pushing and pulling, she bit her lip as the fake cock popped into place.

That was the largest and final plug. Now they could finally claim her as theirs.

“Good girl,” Jesse said. Alex glanced at him and could see sweat beads on his lip and knew the man was in as much pain as he was watching their bride. They both wanted to fuck her.

Time for her punishment.

Alex swatted her ass to give her a taste of what was to come, hitting the plug. She gasped and turned her eyes on him, dark and filled with lust.

“Over my knee,” Alex demanded as he sank down onto the bed.

Jesse stood to the side and helped her up and over Alex’s lap before he began to stroke his long, hard cock. Rubbing the bead of come that spilled from the end.

Alex leaned down and kissed her on the ass, running his tongue along the seam of her cheeks, the plug peeking out. “We’re punishing you because you scared us. No one messes with our woman and you’re ours. Do you understand?”

“Yes,” she whispered.

Jesse nodded and Alex raised his hand and connected his palm with her rounded cheeks. A handprint appeared on her white ass.

Jesse gripped her breasts in his hands, massaging and twisting her nipples.

“Alex,” she cried out, her hands searching for something to grip onto.

Smack, he paddled her again and again in rapid succession.

A moan escaped from her.

To change the rhythm, he spanked her first rapidly and then slowly and methodically, taking care to make certain that her entire ass went from white to a blushing pink.

“Jesse, help me,” she moaned.

“No, you’ve got to learn to trust us,” he said.

“I do, please, I promise,” she moaned. “Let me come.”

For a moment, he paused and let her wait, hoping to still her from coming.

Jesse slid his fingers over her folds, before he plunged them inside her. When he pulled them out, they could see the wetness. “She’s dripping.”

“Not yet,” Alex said, feeling the need to make her understand how she worried them.

The woman was clawing at the nearby bed sheet, her long blonde hair splayed down to the floor, her breasts dangled down like ripened fruit, ready to be plucked. And yet, he still needed to make certain the lesson was thoroughly learned.

Smack, he hit her ass again and again.

“Alex,” she cried.

“Do not come. You do not have permission,” he warned.

“How much longer?”

She turned and gazed at him, her sapphire eyes filled with tears that spilled down her cheeks. It was the first time he had made her cry and it wrenched his heart with a pain he’d never experienced before.

“Do you trust us?”

“Yes,” she sobbed. “I won’t leave again. Please, I need you.”

She tried to rise, but he put a hand on her back.

“Now you understand how we felt when Ian and Whitmore told us you had left. We were so frightened and frustrated. So afraid they would kill you.”

“All day, we couldn’t wait to get home to you and you were gone,” Jesse said.

Alex pulled her onto his lap and she wrapped her arms around him sobbing onto his chest. “I’m sorry.”

Jesse reached out and stroked her hair. “We love you, Mattie. You’re our wife, our bride and soon the mother of our children. If something happened to you, it would be devastating. I’ve experienced loss and I don’t want to again. I’ve tried not to care too much, but you’ve taken command of my heart.”

Alex rubbed her back. “Yes, we love you. Today showed us how much. With you, I want to create the family I never had. We’ve waited a long time for the perfect bride and it’s you.”

“Always remember, we would protect you with our lives. And never put you in any danger.”

She raised her head and gazed at them. “I love both of you and all I could think about was getting to you.”

“Understand,” Jesse said. “But now you know that we will never send someone for you.”

Picking her up, Alex laid her on the bed on her back. Immediately, she spread her legs wide.

The time for punishment was over. “Do you still want to come?”

A smile spread across her face. “Yes. I need both of you. I’m ready for you both to claim me.”

Her words made his dick want to break into song. He was more than ready for them to claim their bride.

“Yes, you are,” Jesse said. “And we can’t wait to fuck you.”

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17

MATTIE

HER ASS WAS hot and ached, but beneath the pain was pleasure that rode her hard. Lying on the bed, she was anxious, and her body ached for her men to fill her. Never in a million years had she dreamed that pleasure could come from pain, and she liked that her men took charge of her and were rough and domineering.

Never in a million years had she dreamed that two men would satisfy her in ways she never imagined. For days, she'd stretched and trained her ass. Even now, the largest plug resided deep inside her, waiting for her men to remove it. Waiting for them to claim her ass.

While she trembled with anticipation, she knew she couldn't wait to feel them deep inside her at the same time.

Alex rubbed lube over his long hard cock.

Jesse lay beside her and then pulled her on top of him. His big blue eyes gazed into hers. "Are you ready?"

"Yes," she whispered.

On the bed, he lay back, his head on the pillows, his cock standing at attention. All for her, and her pussy clenched as she stared at his massive cock. She could hardly wait to be filled by him.

“Ride me,” Jesse said with a groan.

Gladly, she lifted my leg over him and climbed on top, her hands resting on his chest. Leaning on him, she realized the strength of Jesse. Even with a bad shoulder, he was all man. Powerful and seductive. Her man.

The bed shifted and Alex climbed behind her. His tongue caressed her cheeks. Sliding down, he licked her clit before he sucked it into his mouth. A groan escaped her and she pushed back, needing more of his tongue, but he pushed her toward Jesse’s cock.

“I need your pussy gripping me when I bury my cock deep inside you.”

And she could hardly wait to have him deep inside her. She rose above Jesse and then slid down over his hard cock, sliding inside her eager wet pussy. At the feel of him, she leaned back as she went lower and lower until she hit his pelvis. The feel of his long, hard cock, snug in her pussy was almost enough to send her over the edge. The plug in her ass was tight against him.

All the pleasure from before returned like a hurricane battering her with greedy lust. She gasped. Filled with cock and the plug, she was so full, so tight, and yet she wanted more.

She wanted Alex.

She began to move up and down on Jesse’s rigid member, rubbing her clit, needing to ride the pleasure building inside her.

Alex’s hand caressed her buttocks, his hand rubbing her ass, pressing her toward Jesse.

As she hovered over Jesse’s chest, her nipples brushed against his hair, rubbing and abrading them. He gripped her face and kissed her. A moan escaped her as their tongues tangled and still she wanted more.

She wanted both of her men.

Alex pulled the plug from her ass with one hand while the other one fondled her clit. When the plug came free, she felt like she was opened wide, empty and bereft. A moan escaped her.

Leaning over, she felt the flared head of Alex's hard cock press against her trained ass. Slick and hot, the pressure of his invasion grew. Slowly he pushed his rock hard cock into her, filling her. Her body surrendered, the tight ring of muscle giving way as his cock slid deeply inside her.

Taking a breath, she moaned as he moved in farther, then retreated, the feel of him hard and thick and so wonderful filled her.

A hot rush of desire raced through her as she accepted him into her body, loving the feel of both men. Pinned between them, she whimpered at how they controlled her completely. They began to move, and she gasped, crying out at the rush of feelings.

First, Jesse, then Alex, each pushing her closer and closer to the edge as they retreated and then filled her over and over. Between them, they maneuvered her body bringing them to the brink of pleasure.

Alex pounded into her with Jesse retreating. Between these two men was where she belonged. Here was her life. She needed the two of them to fuck her. To claim her. To make her theirs.

They were her men. Her husbands, her lovers.

"Please, can I come," she cried, knowing she couldn't hold out much longer.

"Never forget, you are ours," Jesse gasped. "Yes, sweetheart, you can come."

"Milk my cock. Take it deep and squeeze it," Alex cried.

With a bright burst of light, a scream tore through her throat as she squeezed and held her men, working the seed from their bodies. They were hers and she was theirs.

Pleasure filled her and their hot seed coated her insides. First, Jesse, and then Alex, as they held her between them, their cocks buried deep inside

her.

No barriers remained between them. They had marked her, made her theirs.

Breathing heavily, they reluctantly pulled free from her, but held her between them. Slowly, they returned to normal, but she knew nothing would ever be the same. Her life with her husbands was perfect in every sense of the word.

They were not perfect men, but they were hers and she was their bride. Together they would face life and build a family here in Bridgewater.

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THANK YOU!

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Lacey Davis is a pseudonym for a USA Today bestselling author who wanted to try her hand at writing sexy romance. With these novels, I hope to write sizzling romances that will leave you grabbing a fan to cool yourself off.

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Lillian Bradley sat astride a large red mare, gazing out at Texas's rolling hills, counting the cattle for a third time. Someone was stealing her cows.

With a sigh, her eyes roamed across the land she loved. All this acreage, cattle, goats, horses, and even a bunch of chickens, but they were all she had. Lilly was alone.

Yellow fever had raced through her family, killing everyone but herself. Alone, she didn't understand how she had survived, but here she was with a large ranch and no one to help her with the many chores and responsibilities.

Some days, it was more than a body could bear, but she refused to give it up.

Dust rose in the distance and she watched as a rider rode toward her. As the stranger drew closer, a groan rose in her throat. Jim White of the Big W Ranch, her neighbor, was coming for a visit.

The man owned the largest spread in this section of Texas and was known for his shady deals, swindling, and even his prostitutes.

Her hand lingered on the rifle she had become accustomed to being at her side.

He pulled his horse up beside her. "Good morning, Miss Bradley. How are you today?"

She turned and gave him an irritated frown. The wind blew her blonde hair into her face and she brushed it back. "Someone is stealing my cattle."

"I'm sorry to hear that," he said. "You know, a pretty young woman like yourself shouldn't be worrying over lost cattle."

"Maybe not, but yellow fever didn't give me much choice."

Her mare shimmied nervously, her paws dancing, eager to get away.

"Let me buy the ranch from you. Or even better, have you considered my son Matt? You are of marrying age. We could combine our land together

into one big family ranch."

Like hell. She would shoot herself before she'd marry his weasel son.

"Thank you, but I'm not selling my family's land. Their deaths will not be in vain. As for marrying your son, no thank you."

It was all she could do to keep from screaming *oh hell no*. Not Matt White, a mean, cussing, tobacco spitting boy who knew his father would always get him out of trouble.

Mr. White's face turned red and his lips pressed into a thin line, but she didn't care. "A young woman should not be running a ranch."

"And yellow fever should not have killed my family." She sighed and turned to him. "For the last six months, I've taken care of this ranch and I plan on continuing. Need to find a new helper since Mr. Bennett disappeared."

The man was like family and she was so disappointed he left her when she needed him the most. For nearly fifteen years, the man worked on the ranch and then one day, he just vanished.

"Miss Bradley," Jim said, his voice coaxing and gentle. "I could take the worry off your hands. You would be free to be the young woman you long to be."

It was true that she pined to have a carefree life again. One where all she had to worry about was helping her mother with dinner or the laundry. Where her grandmother baked a cake every week. Her grandfather and she went fishing when the weather permitted. But those days were gone. Stolen from her by a hideous disease.

"I'm so glad you came by, Mr. White. If you know anything about who might be taking my cattle, tell them I'm a fine shot with a rifle and I will not hesitate to kill them. Also, if you see my helper, Mr. Bennett, tell him I would like to talk with him about increasing his salary."

Often times, she worried something had happened to Mr. Bennett. Because she didn't think he would have left without saying goodbye. At

least, she hoped not.

“Will do, Miss Bradley. You think about my offer. I’m willing to give you top dollar for your ranch.”

Top dollar, her ass. The man was a known cheat and would not give her anything for the Rockin’ B Ranch. Over the years, her father had complained how when times got bad, Ole Jim was there to steal the property for little or nothing from the ranchers in dire straits.

“Good day, Mr. White.”

It was a clear signal for him to leave. She had an appointment with the banker later today and she needed to be riding into town but would wait until he was out of sight. Though she doubted he would do something, she could see him setting fire to the house to force her to sell.

The man was a vulture of the worst kind. Preying on the weak and, right now, she was in his sights.

What she needed was a husband. Someone to help her with the ranch. To keep rustlers from cutting the fence and stealing her herd. Someone to fill the house with love and laughter. Someone to help her create her own family.

The big house was empty and creaked and moaned at night. Fear had her sleeping on the horsehair couch her mother had been so proud of.

While she had managed on her own for six months, it was time for her to fill her bed. Someone to teach her the ways between a man and a woman. Someone to scratch this itch she knew only a man could fulfill. And she wanted someone to love her and the Rockin’ B.

Glancing down at the dress she wore, she’d donned her prettiest. This morning she bathed, fixed her hair with the hot iron, and made certain she looked her best.

She knew what she had to do. After she went to the bank, she planned on talking to the preacher about any eligible young men who might be interested in her as a wife.

It was time to go husband hunting. It was time to find herself a man.

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